

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

MARCH 1991

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N



PRIME TIME CRIME:

WHY CRIME PAYS ON AMERICAN TV

FETISHES:

BIZARRE AND RIDICULOUS SEX

F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y

CREATE A BOND WITH MOTHER EARTH.

There's a big, wide, wonderful world out there, and fortunately not all of it is covered by city scapes and people hemmed in by concrete, traffic and claustrophobia.

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That's what we call Yellow Magic.
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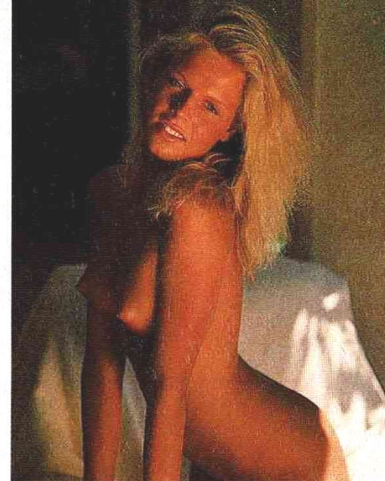
Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "RIDE IT RIGHT" campaign.

- Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing
- Read your Owner's Manual carefully
- Enjoy safe riding.



Australian PENTHOUSE

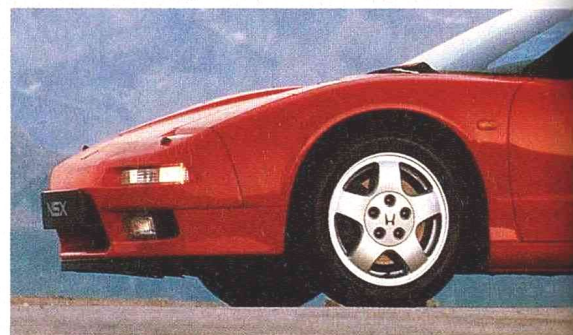
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First Blood



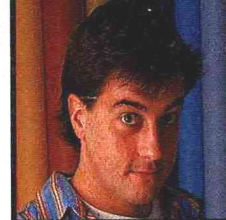
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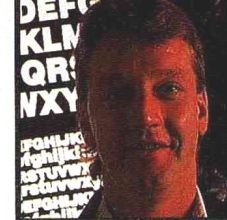
Different Strokes



Prime Time Crime



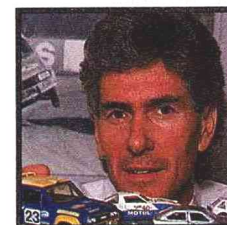
ERIC LOBBECKE



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PETER MCKAY



STUDIO DOOR 34

HOUSECALL

PRIME TIME CRIME

It's the biggest growth area in the US media: a surfeit of search-and-find crime shows that turn every viewer into a bounty hunter, sometimes for cash rewards. As John Baxter points out, it's produced a sounding board for every kind of bigotry, malice and craziness that grows wild in America, and the programs are getting more bizarre all the time. Baxter's article starts on page 34 with photography by Studio Door 34.

DIFFERENT STROKES

Dedicated Forum readers would be aware that humans exhibit a vast range of unusual sexual behaviors. When they extend from "unusual" to "really weird", they're called paraphilias. Clinical psychologist Dr Sandra Pertot explains the origins of various paraphilias, why the great majority of sufferers are men, and what, if anything, can be done about them. Open your mind before you open the magazine to Drahos Zak's disturbing illustration on page 48.

BASTARDS

ALL MEN ARE BASTARDS is an ancient feminine refrain, a misanthropic mantra as familiar to females as The Lord's Prayer is to Christians. It's fingerprinted in blood on the walls of the Bastille, blasted into the concrete sign that overlooks Hollywood and inscribed in the tombs of the Pharaohs. But are men all bastards? Are you? Try humorist Jean Norman's quick and completely ridiculous quiz, illustrated by Eric Lobbecke, on page 52.

EVERY MOVE YOU MAKE

Imagine you were considering having an affair. Shouldn't you be entitled to make that decision on the basis that you could not legally be tailed by a professional Peeping Tom armed with a telephoto lens? The "domestic" arm of the private investigation business is a boom industry in the age of AIDS — the dicks are even dangling their wares on radio and TV these days — but shouldn't there be a line drawn somewhere? Senior Editor Greg Hunter examines some very important privacy issues on page 66. Nigel Buchanan created the superb illustration.

FIRST BLOOD

Japan's first genuine supercar, the Honda NSX, does everything a Ferrari can do — maybe even a little more. And, as Motoring Editor Peter McKay enthuses, it'll do it first time, every time. On page 80, McKay looks back on the history of the Japanese car offensive — and the early four-wheeled boxes were definitely that — before putting the NSX to the test. His verdict: this vehicle is the finest sporting street machine ever constructed.

THE YOUNG AND THE TASTELESS

Nerds. They're everywhere. Even the most stylish, mega-trendy rock icon you can name used to be a nerd, and rock historian Glenn A. Baker can prove it. His extensive photographic archives show the evolution, from primordial uncool, of stars like Rod Stewart, Debbie Harry, Angry Anderson, and even — dare it be said? — Bon Scott. Baker's version of Red Faces starts on page 85.

MARCH



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feedback

Perfect women

I didn't believe that you could possibly improve on the perfect Michaela Andrews who appeared in your October edition. I was wrong. In the December edition was the goddess Shauna Oaks who only just pipped Amy Lynne in the same issue. Where do you find such perfect women? I'll certainly renew my subscription if you keep up these magic women! I demand another Shauna Oaks pictorial. — *Amazed, SA.*

Sales talk

I subscribe to your magazine (Black Label) and read all the articles as well as adoring the lovelies. In your December issue (which I received in November) the article on money by David Quicksilver really got up my nose.

As an "insurance salesman" I resent the implication that we are not concerned with the *client's* welfare, only with self. *Believe this:* without the continued satisfaction of my clients, I would not have an income. Therefore the client is first priority. I do not wish you to believe that I do not give consideration to myself. By looking after my clients conscientiously, I look after myself.

Please note: *anyone* who takes risks with their money (eg, market-linked investments) who cannot afford to lose that money needs to have their head read! There are solid investments available, returning high interest, and guaranteed by the Reserve Bank of Australia.

Insurance and investment companies also make available details of all costs involved up front. Banks also have charges. The *Queensland Sunday Sun* Truth To Tell of November 17, 1990 notes where a businessman was charged \$200 to have a loan extension refusal put in writing! The banking Ombudsman says that is standard banking procedure. More like a rip-off to me.

I will grant that there are salesmen out there who do not treat clients with the respect they deserve. They do not last long at all.

There are three questions David Quicksilver should consider:

- 1) Who owns the banks in reality?
- 2) Since when do banks work for free?
- 3) How many people out there in the real world have the discipline to start, maintain and continuously update a solid savings



Shauna Oaks . . . magic woman

plan without prompting?

I trust that this has given you food for thought and that you will publish this in full. — *Greg Downton, Townsville, Qld*

Happiness is . . .

I've just received my first Black Label edition and am very pleased with my investment. My girlfriend and I lend our support to the inclusion of couples pictorials — the more explicit the better. Along with the Forum letters, it is a part of the magazine we enjoy sharing together.

One question though. What happened to February's Janet Stewart as a contender for Pet Of The Year? She would have received my vote. — *Name and address withheld*

Janet does not reside in Australia, so is unfortunately ineligible for the 1991 Pet Of The Year title. — Ed

Randall fan

I appreciate that you use photographic spreads from Yank-land but my curiosity has been piqued by the superb work of

Suze Randall. Is she a Yank or an Aussie photographer? Hers is definitely the best work displayed in the Black Label editions without being sleazy. Secondly, what's she like? Someone who produces this standard of fine quality work with models (or willing partners) must have something going for her. What is it? Let us in on what the master looks like as well as more of her magnificent heterosexual models. — *Name and address withheld*

Suze Randall is one of America's most respected and prolific photographers. — Ed

Keep it up

After months of procrastinating, my girlfriend and I finally took out a year's subscription to *Australian Penthouse*. Our only regret is that we should have subscribed earlier. Our very first issue of October 1990 fulfilled all our expectations. The letters and the pictorials were all fantastic. We had an extra sex session while reading.

So congratulations, AP, on a job well done. Keep it up! We look forward to all your future issues. — *AP Fans, WA*

Deprived Kiwi

I'm a Kiwi and obviously I live in NZ. I'm very fortunate to be able to purchase my own specially printed cover on this publication.

So what's my beef? Well, once a month I get to indulge myself from cover to cover in some of the most prolific reading, comedy and visual effects that one can truly enjoy; yet month after month I am intimidated by something called "Black Label"; "Call our hotline now" (I've done that); or "Mail this coupon to:" and then "Offer applicable only in Australia".

I consider *Australian Penthouse* to be a rose among the thorns compared to other publications available on NZ book stands. So please tell the (majority of) NZ readers why we are prohibited from receiving the Black Label edition. And while you're at it, you might inquire as to the reason why hard-core XXXX (not so tasteful) video releases can be hired legally in NZ at the corner store. — *Show And Tell, Auckland*

New Zealand's customs regulations prohibit the importation of Australian Penthouse's Black Label edition. — Ed

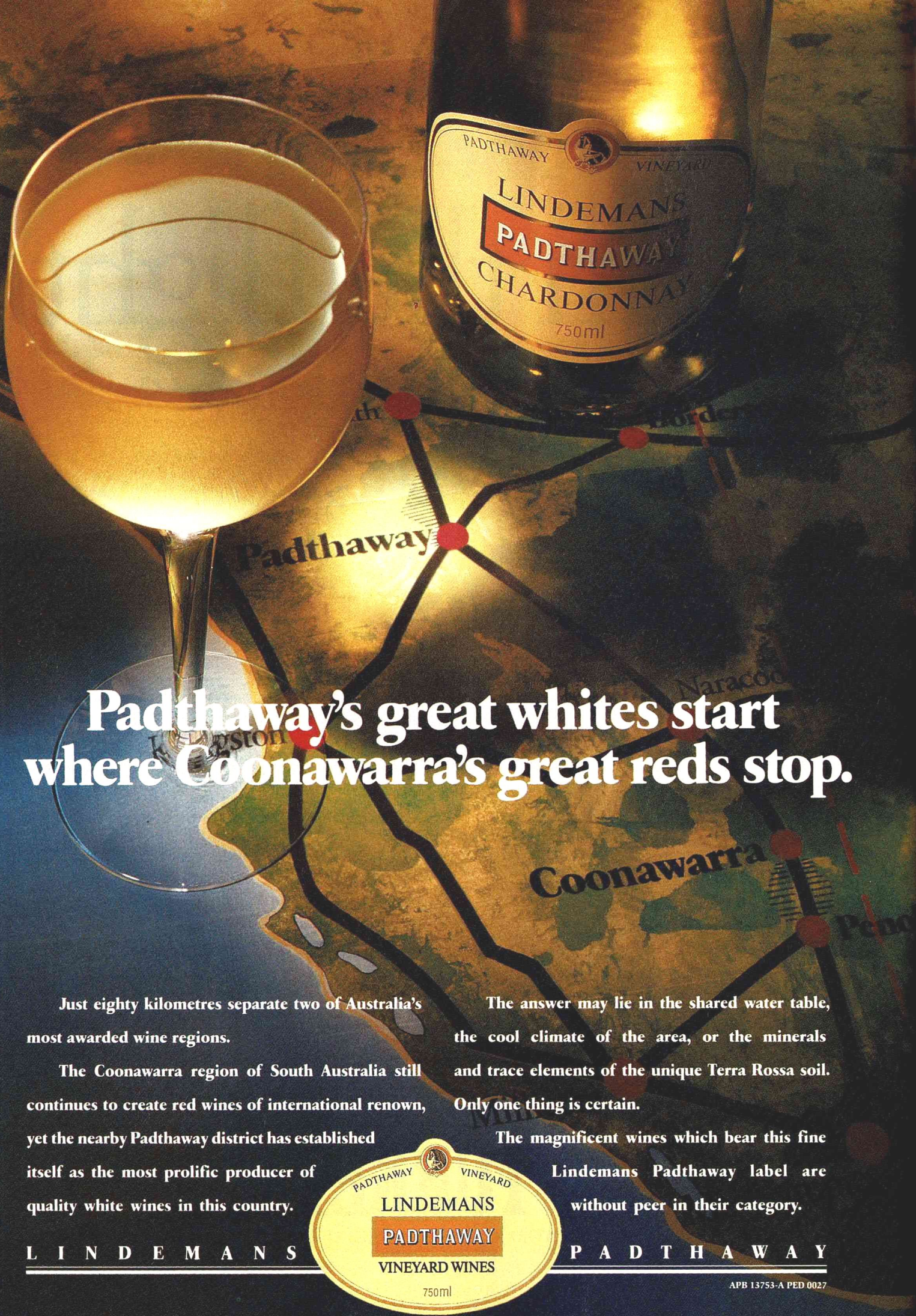


Join the flight to quality.



WILD TURKEY

WILD TURKEY. AMERICA'S FINEST BOURBON.

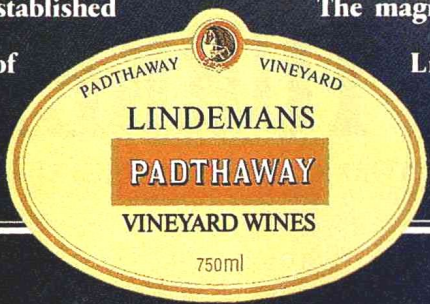


Padthaway's great whites start where Coonawarra's great reds stop.

Just eighty kilometres separate two of Australia's most awarded wine regions.

The Coonawarra region of South Australia still continues to create red wines of international renown, yet the nearby Padthaway district has established itself as the most prolific producer of quality white wines in this country.

L I N D E M A N S



The answer may lie in the shared water table, the cool climate of the area, or the minerals and trace elements of the unique Terra Rossa soil. Only one thing is certain.

The magnificent wines which bear this fine Lindemans Padthaway label are without peer in their category.

P A D T H A W A Y

APB 13753-A PED 0027

Sex shanty

Being a man of average means and sexual prowess, I never thought I'd become involved in as intense a sexual encounter as the one I had last week. You see, I'd been house-sitting at a modest beach place on a rarely travelled stretch of waterfront. Frequently, I went several days without seeing another person, much less a woman. But little did I know that that was about to change.

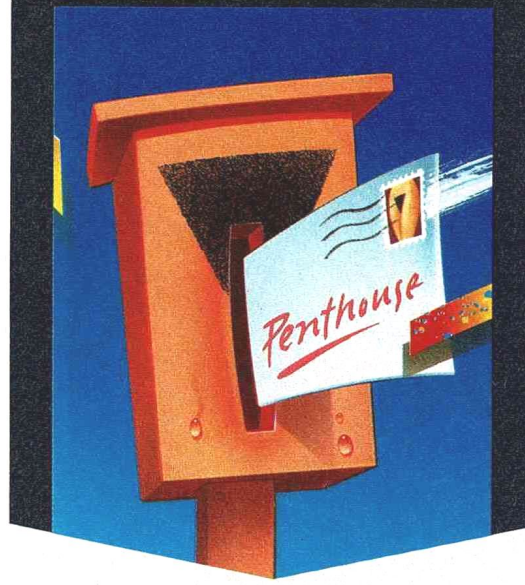
One evening I settled in with the latest issue of *Penthouse*. Within minutes, I had an impressive club twitching at my thigh. Then I heard someone knock. I answered the door and discovered a female member of the local surf club. However, this was no average female, and as I beheld her beauty, my member was no longer average, either. Before me stood a tall, auburn-haired beauty. She was wearing loose nylon shorts and a large yellow beach patrol jacket, under which no shirt or even bikini top was noticeable. Her name tag read Camella, and I couldn't help but think, "Yeah, Curvaceous Camella."

"Hi," she said in a friendly way, "I noticed you left this beach ball outside and I thought it would blow away." Blow. Ball. This girl was speaking my language.

Grateful to her for having saved my beach toy, I invited her in and got two frosty ones from the fridge. Camella sat on the family-room couch with her legs slightly spread, and the hairy clam peeking from between them made it obvious that she wasn't wearing underwear. She must have noticed me staring at her beefy beaver, because she spread those long legs further apart.

"Do you see something you like?" she cooed, lightly running her hand across her hairy quim. Before I could answer, she stood up and unzipped her patrol jacket to show me two nice-sized tits with nipples the size of sea snails. "I see you read *Penthouse*," she said, leaning over to flip through the magazine. "I love some of the pictures, like this one," and striking a pose, she snaked her tongue across one of her huge love nuggets.

By this time my cock took on the aggressive nature of a moray eel. "Do you



forum

want some more?" she asked seductively. She put her thumbs under the waistband of her shorts and pulled them off with one yank. I couldn't believe it. One second I'm a lonely guy flogging his porpoise, and now I was sitting in front of this naked sex kitten.

"You need to keep your beach ball under control," Camella said, walking toward me with a sexy sway. Looking down at the bulge in my pants, she opened her eyes wide. "Oooh. Here's another ball." Without another word, she dropped to her knees and undid my fly. "Before you stick this love tool into my hot, wet box, I want you to blow a load all the way down the back of my throat."

She hadn't touched my dong yet, but the drips of pre-come at the head indicated that I wasn't far from firing. That was when she added, "I may be on the beach patrol now, but I want to be a concert flautist. Do you mind if I hum Vivaldi on your instrument?" I could barely speak, but managed to croak out the word *please* and she engulfed my throbbing tool like a sardine-munching mackerel. It wasn't long before she had her nose buried in my pubic patch and was bobbing madly. "I need your come now," she pleaded, rising for some quick air. "Blow it, baby, please," and with that I shot my love juice into her waiting throat.

Of course, a girl like this she-fish would

not be satisfied with just that. "That salty feed was nice," she said, patting her stomach, "but I've got a little seafood fare for you." She stood and walked over to the couch, where she sat down and spread her long, tanned legs so far apart I thought she might split in half. "Eat me," she commanded, clawing at her hair. "I want you to eat me before I have to satisfy myself!" She spread her pink, engorged pussy lips with her hands and moaned softly. I knelt before her and breathed deeply. Her cunt smelled of sea air and warm afternoons on the beach. With this happy thought, I buried my face in her hair pie and licked as if she was exquisite sushi. I pursed my lips over her clit and sucked as if it were a straw through which I could drink her love juices. My

efforts had the desired effect, for within minutes she was bucking furiously, like a fish out of water. She grabbed my head with a scream of pleasure drove me deeper into her quim. I came up gasping and looked with pleasure at her still-quivering body.

By this time, my own love muscle was in working order, and seeing this, she livened up. Smiling wickedly, she reached for her jacket. Her eyes never left my face as she tore open the small foil pouch and waved the condom at me, beckoning me closer. My rod jumped with joy as her hand smoothed the cover into position. "I want it in me," she said, her voice thick with passion. "I need it so badly." Gently she pushed me away and snaked down to the floor on all fours. She wagged her tail with its inflamed pussy in my face, and moved her legs further apart. "Don't I look juicy and ready?" she asked, smiling over her shoulder.

Without another word, I rammed my cock home. "Oh, yes, that's what I wanted. Pump me crazy!" She wiggled her hips and pushed against my thighs. I could feel the silky muscles of her cunt flexing against my cock and found myself holding my breath, fighting back the orgasm building up. "Yes, yes, yes," she moaned. I grabbed handfuls of her tanned cheeks and drove in up to my balls. It didn't take long before I could feel my sack tighten

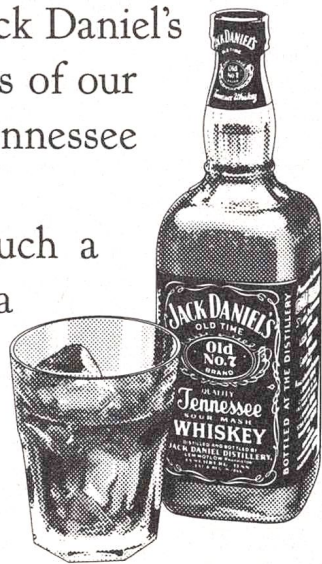


If you'd like to know more about our little town and its people, drop us a line.

THERE AREN'T MANY TOWNS where hound dog pups are sold on Main Street. But Lynchburg, Tennessee is one.

And just a short distance from where such transactions are occurring is Jack Daniel's Distillery ... where the citizens of our town have pridefully made Tennessee Whiskey since 1866.

We don't know if living at such a leisurely pace helps us make a smoother product. But after your first sip of Jack Daniel's, we think you'll agree it isn't doing any harm.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

APB 13654/A

SJD 0377

forum

and my resolve turn to water. With no time to spare, I shoved my meat further into her pussy's firm grip and screamed.

Without an ounce of energy left, I collapsed to the carpet. When I looked up, I saw Camella smiling, caressing her breasts with her hands and murmuring, "Sweet, very sweet." Then she stood up and began dressing. I looked at her in amazement, for I barely had the strength to open my eyes.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Back on patrol, of course," she said. "Someone may have forgotten another beach ball." — *Name and address withheld*

Banging together

In the middle of one of our heavy-duty lovemaking sessions last Saturday night, my girlfriend Laura was called in to work an emergency shift at the hospital. I went back to my flat, still pretty horny. I planned on heading to my room for a serious session of five-finger fucking.

I found my room-mate Pete, whose flight attendant girlfriend was out of town, bare arsed in front of the television, furiously beating his meat to the groans of a porno flick. I was a little shocked at first, but also turned on. I'd never seen anyone else's hard-on before, and I've got to say that his tight, hot purple skin slathered in baby oil looked pretty awesome.

When Pete took a hand off his prick and held the bottle of oil over his head, I took the hint and unzipped my jeans to grease up my half-hard pole which was sticking through the fly of my boxers.

On-screen, a half-dozen cute cheerleaders were being drilled under the bleachers by a nasty football coach who didn't even bother to take off his cleats and whistle. When Pete pointed to me with my shirt still on and my pants in a heap around my thighs, we both laughed out loud. After the coach boffed the fourth cheerleader, Pete and I shot our wads on to the rug.

We agreed that in the future if we were both going to be in our separate rooms slamming the ham, there was no reason not to do it together. Since that time, we've had contests to see who can shoot the furthest, moan the loudest and produce the most come. A mutual jack-off is certainly not the same as a good lay, but we've found that on a boring night at home, you just can't beat it. — *Name and address withheld*

Lunch break

I live very close to where I work, so at lunchtime I usually go home, grab something to eat, then head back to the office. One particular day, however, I was in for something that I definitely didn't expect.

I live with my girlfriend, a red-haired



"I knew it ... Broken! Well I just hope you're satisfied ..."

forum

beauty with great breasts and a body I just love. Usually she's out at work when I make it home at noontime, but this time when I walked through the door, she was sitting on the couch.

"What a surprise," I said, sitting next to her.

"I've been waiting for you," she said with a gleam in her eye, looking exquisite in her little miniskirt and tank top. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her nipples were very erect. I definitely got the point that she was feeling a little frisky when she turned my gentle "hello" kiss into a full-blown tonsil-toucher. Before I knew it, we were doing some pretty heavy petting.

Suddenly she stopped and asked if I was hungry. "Yes," I replied, "What's for lunch?"

"Me," she answered. Then she told me she had read about eating food right off another person and how it had sounded very erotic to her. Always up for something new, I thought it was a great idea. "Why not?" I said, and got a very randy smile back.

First we went to the kitchen and got all the necessary ingredients for our picnic. Then we proceeded into the bedroom. With a sudden burst of enthusiasm — and a raging hard-on — I dashed back to the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of cooking

oil. I took the sheet off the water bed and poured the oil all over the mattress. After tearing each other's clothes off, we jumped on to the glistening plastic and slipped and slid around. It was one of the most sensational feelings I have ever experienced.

Soon we were eating off of each other and food was everywhere. I placed a banana between my legs and she promptly ate it all, then moved on to work on my own banana. She spread honey all over my rock-hard cock and with exquisite enthusiasm, licked it clean again. Then she surrounded my knob with hot lips and sucked me until I was on the point of coming. Just when I thought I had got myself under control, she took a large carrot and began feeding it playfully into her fanny. It turned me on so much I went wild.

"Get rid of that carrot," I gasped. "Mine has the greater need."

But she just giggled, and sat down harder on the carrot. At the same time she suddenly pounced on me, clamping her mouth over my dick and working it with sweetly oiled hands. It was too much for me. I blew off like a rocket, pumping a jet right down her throat. She gave my dick a last suck and then washed her lunch down with a swig of apple juice. Then she lay down and flung her legs into the air.

"Here," she said. "Try this." She laid a trail of creme caramel down her belly and all over her steaming trench. I followed the

trail, licking hungrily. When my tongue first touched her clit, she gasped and jerked. Teasing, I left that alone and concentrated on tongue-fucking her hole, which had her squirming fit to bust. With both hands she pulled back her swollen lips, exposing her love button. I had surreptitiously grabbed the cream can, and I gave her a shock by squirting a big wad of cream all over that hot little strawberry. She squealed, and then held her breath, waiting.

Ever so slowly, I licked up the cream, working around the edges first and then concentrating directly on her clit, flicking my tongue over it, sucking, nibbling. Her whole stomach had gone tight as a board, and she was groaning. Her eyes were closed and she was biting her bottom lip. Just to see what would happen, I picked up the discarded carrot and pushed a little bit of it back into her fanny. The result was electrifying — she arched her back, bucked wildly and held my head, pushing herself against my mouth. Then, with a long sigh, she collapsed.

I was hard again, now, and ready for the main course. To give her time to recover, I spread rich chocolate pudding all over her upper body, then slowly lapped it up, ending with one of her huge, wanton breasts in my mouth. Then I laid her flat on her back, spreading her legs wide. Next I took the can of whipped cream and drew a line from her left shoulder to her right knee, then one from right to left, forming a giant X. Between giggles she asked what I was doing.

"X marks the spot," I said, jumping on her and smearing cream all over her gorgeous body. My hand found her pussy, which was sopping wet from cooking oil, fruit juice and the magic juices she creates herself. Without missing beat, I slid my raging cock into her, and we got down to some serious fucking. I was just getting to boiling point when she said, "Wait", and slipped away from me. She rolled over and knelt in front of me, grabbing hold of the bed-head for support. She wiggled her arse at me, with her dark, soaking pussy showing off between her legs. I knelt behind her and rammed my dick home, holding her hips and thrusting deep on each stroke. Her head was thrown back, her hair was dark with oil and with one hand she was touching up her clit.

I took some more oil and while still fucking, gently massaged her arsehole. She groaned and thrust harder against me, so I slipped a finger in and out a little. We had never tried it before, so I asked her, "What do you reckon?"

"Do it!" she breathed.

I deployed my cock from her fanny, and going easy, nudged the head into her arse. Little by little, the rest followed. She was incredibly tight, and it was all I could do not to come on the spot. I wanted her to come at the same time. She was rubbing herself wildly now, and moving as much as she could without dislodging my dick. I started

A brief introduction to our award-winning speakers.

Tradition has its place.

And our new Series 3 loudspeakers are as true as ever to the Mordaunt-Short traditions of craftsmanship, care and quality.

But technology moves forward and in order to maintain another tradition — that of being in the forefront of loudspeaker design — we have had to make changes.

We spend a fortune on research.

And when our research tells us that there are a host of innovations which will make the sound from our Series 3 loudspeakers the purest sound you'll ever want to hear, we must react accordingly.

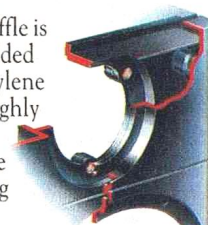
THE Baffle, for instance

Traditionally, the loudspeaker baffle is made of wood with all its inherent problems of dimensional instability and construction limitations.

Our baffle is plastic moulded in polypropylene making it highly inert with considerable self-damping properties.

Which means we can add strengthening ribs and vary section thicknesses at strategic points, giving us a baffle which is both lighter and more rigid.

We can incorporate performance-enhancing geometrics not practicable with conventional woodworking techniques, we can design components for function, rather than manufacturing ease and then fit everything together with the sort



of tolerances that make accurate assembly a reality every time.

NOT ONE, BUT TWO...

Having devised the polypropylene baffle, we then went one better.

Two baffles.

One behind the other. One structural, one cosmetic, made of two different — yet each eminently appropriate — materials with a small air gap sandwiched between upper and lower baffles providing a resonant behaviour far superior to the conventional one-piece baffle.

The upper baffle has its cushy, its sole purpose being to look good, secure in the knowledge that the mechanical performance

of the composite baffle is not being compromised.

DRIVERS...

No compromise either with our bass/mid unit. Each Series 3 speaker features a polypropylene-coned bass driver matched

to a high-hysteresis rubber surround with the motor system vented so as to minimise asymmetric pressure distortion. As you move up the range, so does the specification.

Which is true also of the aluminium dome tweeter. Its special suspension, braided voice-coil connections and ferrofluid

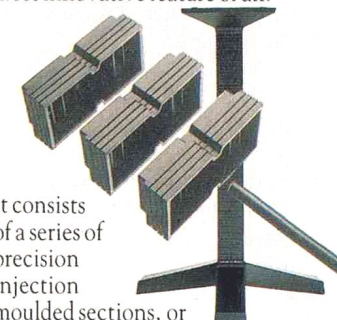
POSITEC PROTECTION

It's not new, but the POSITEC protection circuitry on all Series 3 speakers safeguards, inaudibly, against drive equipment overload or malfunction.

cooling, whilst common to all speakers, are extremely uncommon in terms of performance and reliability with piston operation to beyond audibility enhancing the top end of the range.

IT'S A PEACH

The stand we've designed for the Series 3 speakers is possibly the most innovative feature of all.



It consists of a series of precision injection moulded sections, or 'vertebrae', which slot together to give a readily adjustable height, providing a structure of which the rigidity and freedom from unwanted resonances is unparalleled by more conventional methods.

JUST ONE MORE THING

We haven't mentioned

the grille. Which has had as much care and invention accorded it as any feature of the Series 3.

It is a fine open weave mesh with no frame to cause diffraction, so it can be left in place (it arrives in position on your speaker) with no fear of reduced performance.

Or if you prefer, you can remove it.

The Series 3 grille is designed rather like a hair net with elastic edges which fit snugly into a groove around the loudspeaker cabinet.

SO THERE YOU HAVE IT

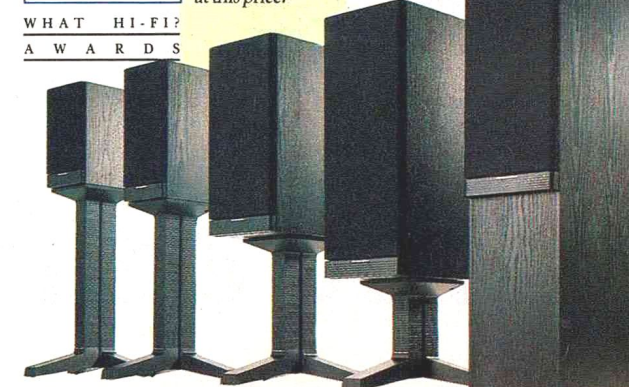
Our new Series 3 loudspeaker range. An award-winning combination of traditional standards and innovative technology.

Winner



WHAT HI-FI? AWARDS

What Hi-Fi? had this to say of the MS3.10 "...a build integrity and finish never seen in a speaker at this price."



Mordaunt-Short

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forum

to pump a little, and then I couldn't stop. She was moaning and writhing and without warning, her hips began to jerk. That alone was enough for me, and I came hard and long, shooting hot jets of my own cream into her arse and over her back.

We collapsed together in a mess of cream, oil, come and mousse, with work forgotten. Eventually we slithered off to the shower and washed and massaged each other until we were clean again. Nowadays, when she phones me at work and says, "Let's have lunch", it's enough to give me an instant hard-on. Which is exactly what she wants! — *Name and address withheld*

Sisterly support

My name is Deidre, I'm 25 and I attend uni in Victoria. I share a house with several other girls, a couple of whom I act "big sister" for. One night this proved to be very satisfying.

Around the end of the semester last year — which ends up being one big, week-long screwing party — one of the younger girls asked my advice on how to attract the attention of a guy named Theo. Angela is an extremely attractive girl with auburn hair, green eyes, and small pointy breasts. I'd seen her in the shower and been amazed at how large her bright-pink areolae were — at least three inches in diameter. She is quite a contrast to me, with my dark skin and hair and 36D tits. I guess that was exactly what turned me on.

Anyway, I was flattered that she asked my advice on guys and quickly asked her into my room and closed the door. She said she didn't know how to begin. I told her all she needed to do was to walk up to him, get his attention and ask... for whatever she wanted. She still wasn't sure, so I told her I'd show her how it was done. I made her stand up and pretend she was Theo. I walked up to her from behind, put my arms around her waist, and whispered in her ear: "Hey Theo, I'm yours for the asking." Then I slid my hand down toward her crotch, slipping just below the belt line. She tried to turn and I said: "No, you'll find

out who I am soon enough."

I brushed my hand against her crotch and when she turned around, our lips met in a very sexy kiss. I took two steps backward and asked if she thought that might work. She said she thought it would, and gave me a big smile.

I reached out and she walked right into my arms. We kissed tenderly at first. I could feel her little tongue carefully exploring the inside of my mouth. I reached for one of her breasts with my right hand and slid my left hand inside my shorts. I was soaking wet. We made it to the bed in a tangle of arms, legs, and half-removed clothes. Her breasts were as exquisite close-up as they had been in the shower. Immediately her nipples were in my mouth, and she released a low, husky moan.

My tongue tickled back and forth across her nipples until they were bright red. I kissed my way over her chest and down-covered stomach, feeling her muscles quiver with anticipation with each kiss. As I reached her soft red pubic hair, I took a deep breath of her wonderful aroma. It was almost more than I could stand!

With my hands grasping her soft, fleshy arse cheeks for support, I drove into her wet pussy. I gently parted her cunt lips and tickled her engorged clit with my tongue. Her moans became louder and she bucked her hips as her sweet pussy fucked my face. Ramming my tongue into her hot hole, I heard her squeal and scream as the sensation drove her over the edge. Her body shook in orgasm, then slowed to little spasms before I stopped and crawled up to lie next to her, kissing her lips.

Her face was flushed and her breathing very heavy. I couldn't stop kissing her and fondling her beautiful breasts. She said she felt wonderful and hugged me close to her. Slowly she spun around, saying she wanted to return the pleasure. We slipped into a 69 easily, with her licking my hot cunt and clit while my fingers moved in and out of her steaming box. Soon we both lay panting on the bed, our energy spent. We fell asleep holding each other close.

When we woke I asked her when she would try out her plan on Theo. "Tomorrow," she replied, "after football prac-

tice." Sheepishly, she added that maybe he was a little too much for her, and perhaps we should share him. I smiled and slipped my hand between her thighs as I told her that wasn't a bad idea at all. — *Name and address withheld*

Riding with a passion

Cycling has always been a passion of mine, but I didn't fully appreciate the meaning of the phrase "riding with a passion" until a few weeks ago. I had just completed day one of a two-day bike tour when I saw him, standing in front of me in line for dinner. He turned to comment on the length of the line and I was struck by his big brown eyes, dark curly hair and a luscious set of lips that turned down ever so slightly at the corners.

I spent the remainder of the evening watching that incredible mouth — first at dinner, and later when a group of us went out for drinks. The more I watched him, the more I wanted him. I was getting so hot that I could barely stand it. As I watched him fervently dig an ice cube out of his glass with his tongue, I could almost feel that tongue thrusting in and out of me. It made my crotch wet just thinking about it.

I lay in bed that night dreaming of him and regretting that I hadn't managed to get him alone. I pacified myself with the

Continued on page 104

HELP
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Shakespeare

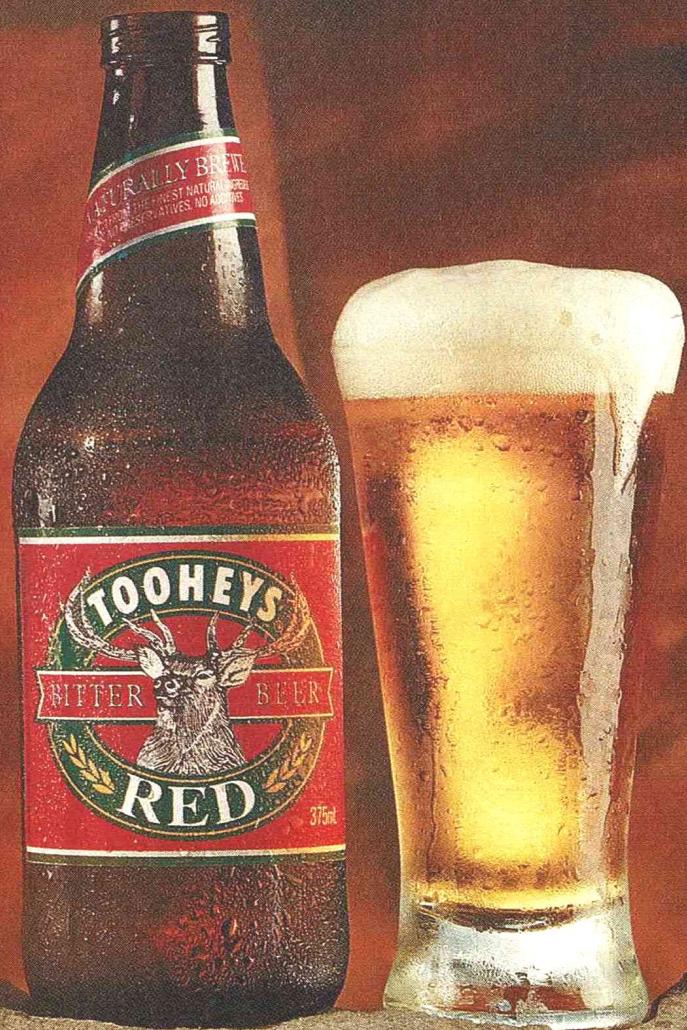
FINE FISHING TACKLE

THE BEST WAY TO FISH



"There's someone else, isn't there?"

Have a Red instead.



THE NATURALLY BREWED BITTER.

S E X

FRONT

IN PRAISE OF YOUNGER MEN

Krista reeks of savvy, soul and sex appeal. While older men cream their boxers thinking about her Einstein intellect and her *fraulein* thighs, Krista's busy with boys almost half her age. Worldly, wise and self-assured, she shrugs off the smirks and ignores the Dr Caligari placenta creams and rejuvenation serums. She's found something that keeps her younger inside, as well as out.

This, you may say, is mutton behaving like lamb. "So what?" Krista would say. While the practice of taking young lovers has been the traditional preserve of the middle-aged male of the species, lately more and more women are giving a Caesar's thumbs-up to the charms of younger men. Apart from the obvious physical benefits (stamina, virility, hopefully no love handles) there's a buzz being with someone who doesn't eye off the flat-chested nymphettes and groan after their pert derrieres. He's turned on by the earthiness of a woman who won't balk at alfresco sex or freeze rigid at the sight of a hard-core porn magazine. Who delights in playing footsies and avoids the missionary position.

In most instances, an older woman seeking young companionship knows what she wants and is prepared to take risks. Older men may know a thing or two about finesse, but when it comes to spontaneity, frankness and spunk, few see the humor and joy in being silly, staying out all night when you know you have a big meeting the next day or bonking endlessly Just Because. There's no doubt about it, a younger man makes a woman pretty fucking horny.

For instance, I'm in aerobics class and flirting with the young, taut-limbed trainer (which is more fun than dealing with my older man's mid-life crisis). I flex my pelvis as he leans over me — my face is red and sweaty but hell, he looks sweaty too. My mind wanders. I think about licking the sweat off his shoulders and chest and neck... maybe it's just a fantasy, but he's hot stuff and he's got my hormones fizzing like

champagne. And then my mind grinds back to reality, to my older lover in his sagging Y-fronts, paunchy, arrogant and jealous of my obsessive interest in getting fit.

Younger men, with all their enthusiasm and energy, can inspire an older woman to do things she'd never consider if slung with an older man. After all, there's more to life than television, nursing egos and masturbation. A young man can make a woman's head spill with ideas both lewd and practical. Frumpy is not a word that comes between you. The biggest buzz is that a young man loves being adored, and adores back. No emotional blackmail or power games.

time cuddling and kissing, finds expressions like "*cinema verite*" awfully alienating and doesn't understand why his older beauty keeps rolling her eyes at his *faux pas*.

She thinks he's become a passive, love-sick puppy dog who's unable to reason, understand logic or speak intelligibly. Post-coital pillow talk takes on tinges of the inane. Sometimes the knee-jerk to this abyss is to pack the boy off on a course in World Experience. But maybe the boy needs to let her know that he's not a meal ticket to solving woes and looking 20 years younger. It takes two to be a toy-boy.

And there's nothing worse than a woman reminding you that she does



More women are stepping out to the tune of "Hello Young Lovers."

Simple conjugation — she loves him, he loves her, they love. *Fin*.

Okay. If all this is sooooo great, then why does it fall apart? It's always the same. Sexual nirvana for five or six weeks, then sour grapes bile up the balls. From being attentive to every woman's whim, the golden boy becomes a sulky shadow of his former self. He resents her seeing her friends, wants to spend more

Know It All. Suddenly you start to notice the wrinkles and little chunks of cellulite.

You begin to feel insecure and uncomfortable. And defensive, when her older male friends are around. Platonic, she says, but is it? Say she falls for some other guy? One of your own friends? What are the ground rules for this thing? Are you here for a good time or a long time? But that's a question asked in any relationship, whether you're 24 or 40.

The biggest problem is coming to grips with ego and pride. You might think making out with an older woman is cool. You might lavish attention on her to keep her hot. But ultimately, like in all relationships, if you want it to go beyond the first flush of lust, you've got to do more than sing in bed. And so does she.

— Pat Gillespie

Illustration by Amanda Upton

WHERE THE BIG ONES FLY

I am not a fisherman. On rare occasions I have landed the odd undersized bream, the odd poisonous toad of a thing, the odd ferocious eel, but never a catch fit for human consumption. Not unnaturally, I was reflecting on my inadequacies in the field of marine combat in the bar of the Cairns Game Fishing Club while staring at the stuffed carcass of a black marlin stretching from wall to wall and weighing in at 1442 pounds — arguably (according to the locals), but not officially, the biggest marlin ever caught on a line. It seemed absurd that even a rank amateur, an absolute nobody in the fine art of killing fish, could quite feasibly land, with the help of expert captain and crew, a marine animal slightly larger than a compact car. Would it not be the smuggest fisherman's tale of all time if the only catch you ever bothered to take home weighed more than 1000 pounds?

It could happen — no doubt about it — Captain Bill Billson told me again as we boarded his 40-foot timber vessel *Viking* and headed for the outer reef due east of Port Douglas. *Viking* has been a consistently top performer in these waters — undoubtedly the finest gamefishing grounds in the world — for several

Off Cairns, you can angle for the fight of your life

years. In the 1989 season, 32 black marlin over the 1000-pound mark were pulled in off Cairns, the first and largest officially weighed — 1218 pounds — caught by a relatively inexperienced guest on board *Viking*.

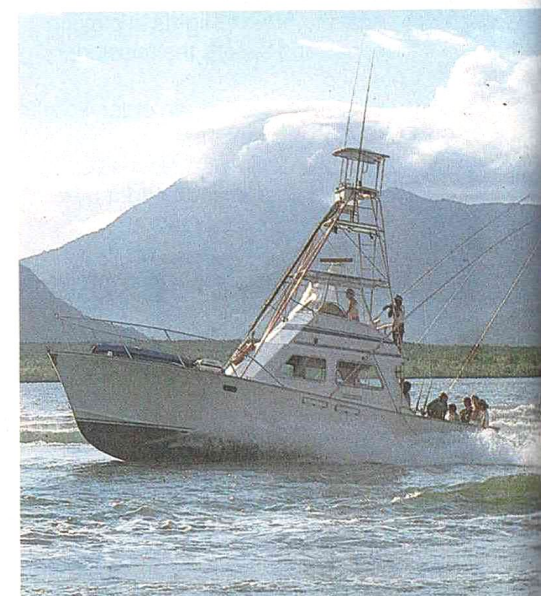
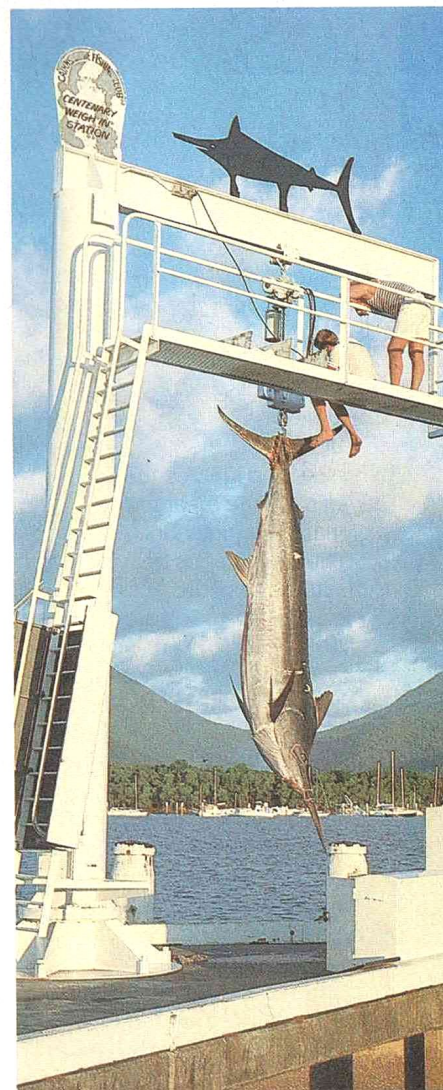
Billson knows what he's doing out here, but he reckons the boat itself is integral to his success. Hand-built in Innisfail in 1972 by Frank Woodnutt, one of Queensland's most respected boat builders, *Viking* is powered by two 320hp big cam Cummins diesels coupled to heavy-duty Nigaro gearboxes, giving her the necessary agility to turn and back up on a fighting sportsfish while retaining, by virtue of sheer bulk, superb stability

in big seas and ample home comforts — characteristics the new "plastic" boats have found hard to emulate. But this is not the stuff that makes a boat legendary for its ability to "raise" fish. The boffins are locked in debate over the issue of underwater resonance, but the crusty old dogs of the sea are adamant that a boat's "harmonics" — sounds transmitted from the hull, a mixture of propeller wash, exhaust tones and displacement while underway — are critical when it comes to attracting large marine life. I wouldn't know, but I reckon they would.

The Great Barrier Reef is both the breeding and hunting ground for the world's finest game fish — marlin, sailfish, mackerel, cod, trout, groper and many others. The smaller species are there for the taking all year round, and 36 current International Game Fishing Association world records have been claimed in Cairns waters, but it's the spawning season of the giant black marlin along a 250-kilometre stretch of the Reef, beginning in early September and usually running to late December, that draws the serious fishermen along with the seriously rich and famous. The latter tend to withdraw to the luxurious 55-foot executive game boats, the lesser to fast 30-foot day boats, but with a fleet of more than 30 commercial operators there are plenty of options and you don't need a wallet as full as a Queensland copper's to get amongst it.

Most of the gameboats are based on the Reef throughout the season, with fishermen and supplies transferred by seaplane so no fishing time is wasted. Most use the services of motherships to offer incredible luxury at reasonable prices; others are "live on board" affairs. To do the thing in real style, all-inclusive with mothership, count on \$650 per person per day.

Whichever way you go, the deckies do all the hard yakka — setting the lines, preparing baits and lures, ensuring guests are well lubricated, and controlling downstairs operations while the skipper upstairs on either flybridge or tuna tower searches to put the boat into game. When he does, and when you're talking about marlin, there's no two ways about it — the strike is signalled by the scream of a reel racing out the 130lb line as all hell breaks loose on deck, with the designated fisherman lunging for the

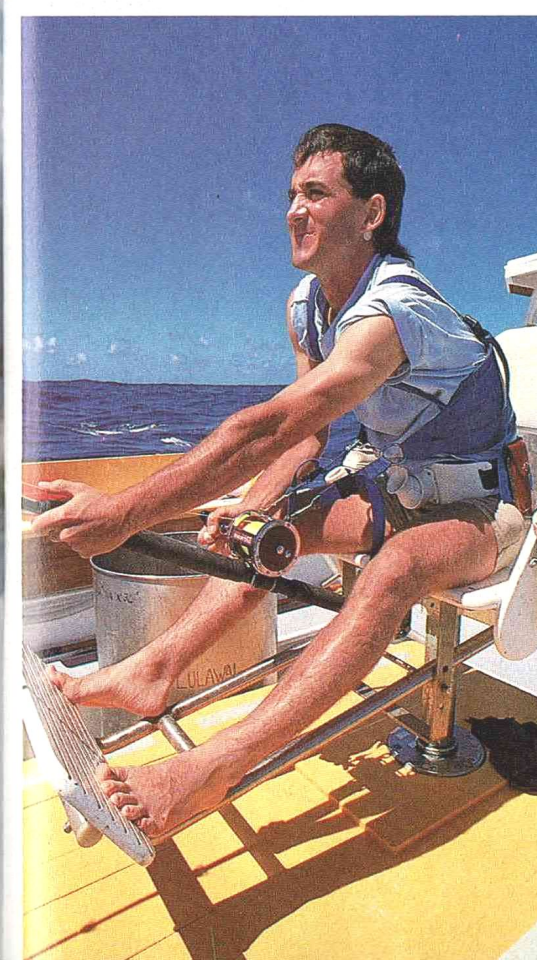


rod and game chair while everything else is thrown out of the way and the skipper sets the engine into a full-throated roar. It all happens so fast that time seems frozen by the injection of adrenalin.

It wasn't my turn in the game chair, but to judge from the way my mate



Photos courtesy APL



George grunted, groaned and gnashed his teeth throughout his half-hour battle to land a mere 300-pound marlin, I wasn't too concerned. An experienced fisherman who'd never sought the big stuff before, he described the whole affair as "like catching a fucking submarine on a handline." George's pacemaker was fairly leaping out of his chest toward the end of the fight, and when the animal was finally boated, he reckoned his balls ached so much he felt like a teenager again.

Since the inception of the tag-and-release program allowing research into their migratory and feeding patterns (normally the fish is only killed if it's a fisherman's first catch or a possible record), black marlin have been known to swim from one continent to another. Their tenacity is legend, their power awesome, and their anger at having their snack feed bugged up by an unrecognisable object ripping into their mouths must be greater than you or I have ever known. They jump; they tail-walk;

they toss and spin and spray all over the place, mammoth muscularity all unleashed by unrelenting sheer fury. A 1000lb-plus fish, 18 feet long and with a girth of six feet, will fight like a lion for up to six hours regardless of how many times it's already been caught and released. Multiplying what I saw by a factor of three or four, the logistics of capturing such a creature seemed to me damned near impossible.

Come September there'll be a fish swimming around the Reef off Cairns known locally as "Big Julie." I don't know how they worked out she's a lady, but she's been hooked several times and her weight estimated at better than 1700 pounds. There's a good chance a hook will find its way into her mouth again this season. If you're on the other end of the line, you'll find out all about your own fighting qualities over the next few hours. — Peter McDonald

For more information on fishing Cairns waters, phone Australian Marlin Charters on (070) 577475.

PRIME MOVER.

There's nothing subtle about the rear tyre on Suzuki's awesome GSX-R1100. It's the biggest rear tyre you can get on a production motorcycle.

And it's there for very good reason.

Thanks to the redesigned cylinder head the GSX-R1100 now churns out even more power and torque.

So it needs the biggest contact patch it can get. Any smaller tyre just couldn't go the distance.

It's also the only tyre that's a match for the incredible handling of the GSX-R1100's chassis and suspension.

From the new large diameter inverted forks, right through to Suzuki's winning rear suspension, everything works in harmony to produce a road bike with the finest balance money can buy.



SUZUKI

Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "Ride It Right" campaign.

Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing.
● Read your Owner's Manual carefully.
● Enjoy safe riding.



FATUOUS FOOD FACTS

I'm the sort of person who made the inventors of Trivial Pursuit into multi-millionaires. Ever since I was the only kid on the block to know how many years it would take two flies in perfect breeding conditions to cover the entire world with their offspring to the depth of 12 feet (47 years actually), I have been a glutton for useless facts. I guess that's why I became a journalist — at least I could claim this addiction as part of my job.

Few areas are more fruitful for the snippet-of-information fiend as food. Just how many pounds of caviar do cruisers on the *QEII* consume on a round trip across the Atlantic? Five hundred, of course. What is the world's most expensive recorded recipe? *Dinde Truffe* — a large turkey stuffed with six pounds of truffles, to be precise. See what I mean?

Let's get stuck right into the nitty gritty with a rundown of the calorific expenditure involved in various forms of human sexual endeavor. Lust from afar, from mere loin-tingling to a serious case of blue balls, will consume 11 calories a minute. Pashing off and petting gobbles up 12 or 13 calories, depending whether your breathing is of the regular or heavy variety.

Performing cunnilingus burns only a measly four calories per 60

How many calories do you burn during oral sex?

seconds, while the act of fellatio can whittle away a big 14, or 420 per half-hour. As the regulation teaspoonful of ejaculate contains 32 calories, we can thus calculate an expenditure of a hefty 388 calories by the fellator per half-hour session, should he or she choose to swallow at its conclusion. Despite this potential flab loss, I have yet to see The Fellatio Diet featured in any of our popular women's magazines. Surely a half-hour's worth of such activity would staunch the old oral craving for a goodly spell, and it at least supplements a diet of lettuce leaves and crispbread with

some red meat. So you get a sore jaw . . . but you know what they say about no pain, no gain.

But back to making the beast with two backs; moderate intercourse will burn off 25 calories a minute, but rutting in heat will snuffle up 50. A faked orgasm by a woman will expend 30 calories while the real thing top-notches at 60. Avoiding the subsequent wet spot will only burn two calories a minute, but then that's about all it's worth.

Enough of the dirt. Today's gourmets are pallid creatures who go after quality not quantity, in my opinion. Not so the culinary heroes of yesteryear such as Diamond Jim Brady. A typical meal for the gorgeously attired one was two or three dozen oysters, six crabs, two bowls of turtle soup, seven lobsters, two canvasback ducks, two terrapin steaks, a large sirloin steak, a platter of pastries and a one-kilo box of sweets. A quart of juice washed down the spread: the big man remained a teetotaler all his life.

Some people literally die for the sake of food. When Epicurus, that culinary light of ancient Rome, realised that his remaining life savings of 10 million sesterces (say \$500,000) would not allow him to throw parties in the style to which he was accustomed, he poisoned himself.

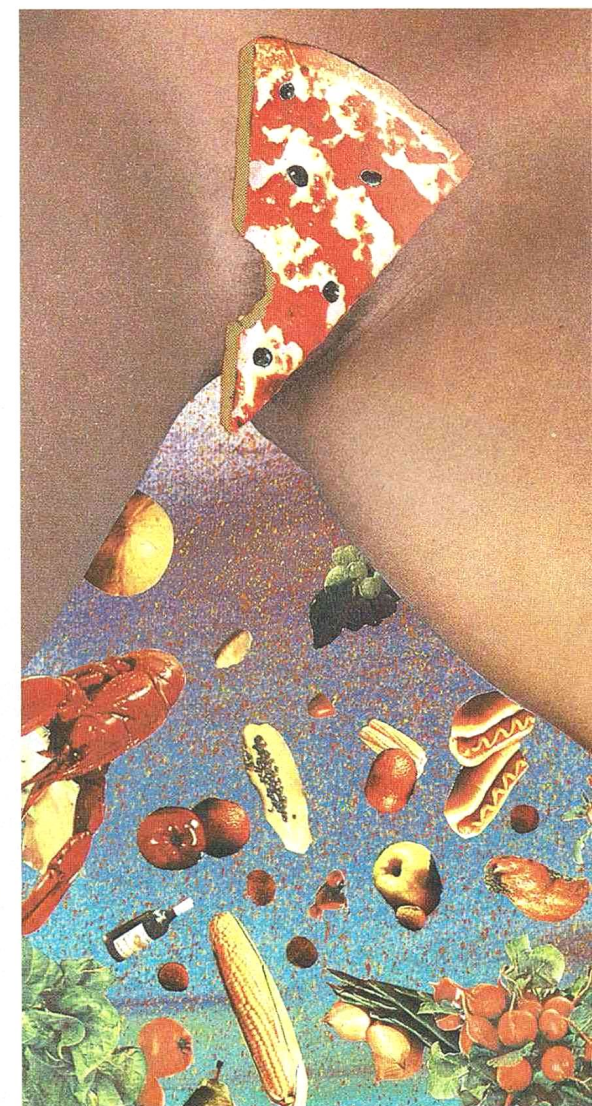
In 1929 "the fattest man in Europe", Matthias Sticz, a 250-kilo Hungarian butcher, shot himself because he could no longer afford his usual breakfast of two roasts of beef. On a bet, Henry van Steenberger tried to drink 40 litres of wine in two days. He drank all but a quarter of a litre, losing the bet. He then passed out and died.

Onward to some last suppers of noted historical figures. Napoleon carked it with chips, the Roman Emperor Claudius was helped over the edge with a platter of poisoned mushrooms and Rasputin, the Mad Monk, dined on teacakes and wine laced with cyanide. This wasn't enough to off the hardy holy man, however. Conspirators had to pump a few bullets into him to achieve that.

The most notable banquet for its macabre ambience was the Mortuary Dinner held in France in 1820. Grimod de la Reyniere, much quoted but eccentric authority on cuisine, invited 22 guests to what he called a "big feed, sparing neither pig nor oil." Invitations were in the form of obituaries, a catafalque was the

centrepiece, and a coffin stood behind each diner's place. About 300 spectators were allowed to observe the banquet from a gallery above the candlelit room. No-one died during the dinner.

One of my favorite books is *W.C. Fields: His Follies And His Fortunes* by Robert L. Taylor. W.C. was never a man of restraint and his staples for a picnic for four are well worth copying. A case of Lanson champagne, several bottles of gin, six bottles of Burgundy, six bottles of dry sauterne, a case of beer, caviar, pate de foie gras, anchovies, shrimp, crab, lobster, potted chicken and turkey, Swiss liederkranz and camembert cheeses, olives, three or four jars of glazed fruits, seven types of sandwiches, angel food cake, devil's food cake, hard-boiled eggs and celery stuffed with Roquefort cheese. Nothing as prosaic as water for old W.C. — he was well aware that fish tend to fuck in the stuff. — Elisabeth King



FLYING DUTCHMEN

I arrived in Amsterdam at 8am, trashed by a 13-hour bus trip. I witnessed the burning of the Odeon Theatre (circa 1667) in the first hour, while firemen stood by and shrugged. Things got pretty strange from there.

To get a fuller picture of this bizarre town I visited the definitive sex museum, a cheap roller-coaster

Amsterdam can do funny things to the windmills of your mind

ride through the history of flagellation and bestiality, chastity belts and flaky porn films. On the top floor they housed ancient Greek and Roman pornographic relics, the Indian Kama Sutra and a Japanese porcelain plate set from the last century featuring diabolical sex acts by gymnastic Asians. I did not leave a donation.

In a free-market economy, supply will eventually meet demand. The Scottish economist, Adam Smith, taught us that. And for some warped reason — that no doubt baffles the hell out of the upright citizens of Holland — the demand in Amsterdam is for sex and drugs. But then again, on the face of it, that's not so strange after all. It's certainly more fun than a high-powered stock market, an oversized electronics industry or genetic mutations. The sex and drugs industry guarantees Amsterdam's unique character as a major European capital and draws millions of tourists a year. There may be a few among the crowd who genuinely come to see the hallowed homes of Rembrandt and Van Gogh, but as to the rest...

Amsterdam is the European equivalent of Manila, and is so obsessed with sex that the simple act of procreation loses whatever sensuality it has left in this great age of sexual dislocation. It is simply a well-managed and profitable business. Prostitutes are easily found, posing raunchily in their window boxes, clad in provocative

leathers and diamantes, the windows bordered by red neon tubing and curtained with ruffles and lace. Nothing is left to the imagination. Inside, the room is illuminated with dingy blue light, gaudy yet sleazily cosy. It comes as a strange and welcome contrast to the prostitutes of Kings Cross in Sydney, sick and cold and lurking furtively on the streets, looking out for cops.

The Dutch Government, in conjunction with tourist industry honchos and second-rate market researchers, has left no leaks in the dyke of sleaze tourism. Amsterdam is the tacky Disneyland of sex, with overbright neon signs and bass-heavy music, cheap souvenirs and streets crawling with beady-eyed men snuffling like ferrets on the hunt.

And so to the internationally renowned coffee shops, the reason for the city's massive turnout of the 16-30 crowd. These shops are another Dutch legal contradiction; although the law specifies that nobody carry more than 30g of hash or marijuana at any time, the official coffee shop dealers regularly handle and sell pounds — plural — every day. Another gnarly question arises

as to its origins. There is serious buffalo gear available in this place, reputedly from as far afield as Jamaica, Nepal, Central Africa. According to Geert, an Amsterdam local and guide, the government ignores the trafficking of soft drugs, which incidentally earns it a healthy revenue via the tax on coffee shop sales.

Some of the more established coffee shops like the Bulldog are



rumored to actually own farms in Morocco and maintain their own labor force growing marijuana and manufacturing hashish.

"So long as the coffee shops pay tax, kick out known junkies (and discourage the sale of hard drugs), and keep the pavement clean, the cops will never bust them," says Geert. The penalty for possessing more than 30g of soft drugs, or even a small amount of hard stuff such as



cocaine, is an on-the-spot fine. No jail, no visit to the police station, and the well-heeled freak can even pay by Visa card.

I have been to many coffee shops, for sociological reasons. The coffee shop crowd is a true mongrel breed, hybrids from the same gene pool as the Furry Freak Brothers and AC/DC.

On the streets outside, low-rent drug dealers prowl together, and every passerby gets the sales pitch, low but audible, like a recording: "Coke, acid, coke, aaceeee!" A laughing jackass would know better than to buy coke off these dodgers. Two men died last week, and a third is in a coma as a result of taking cocaine that had been cut with battery acid for street sale. And who wants dirty coke anyway, when the coffee shops can accommodate you with every weird and wonderful strain of hash and grass, sold at government agreed prices and colorfully named: Purple Rain, Super Thai, Bio Highrise, Jamaican Royale, African Skunkweed, or the aptly titled Mujahideen and Kamikaze. Purchase comes with a house bong and plastic "credit card" — fill in the ten spaces on the card with point-of-

sale stickers and get a free bag.

Aside from anything else, Amsterdam is a centre of classic early 17th Century Dutch architecture, with beautiful churches, bell towers and public buildings all built on a concentric canal system. Rembrandt and Van Gogh made their homes on these canals. It is, after all, the land of tulips and windmills. Picturesque, sure, but eclipsed by a latter-day dementia that underlies its old-world charm.

To the end, Amsterdam will be characterised by its sleaze empire. But it is still the scene of many inspirational acts of pure, random lunacy. Its buildings are festooned with fantastic murals, colorful graffiti and strange sculptures. There are sidewalk artists, buskers, vagabonds and gypsies — people who have fallen into the half-mad grooves of life and given up trying to be normal or decent. I was greeted at 8am at Centraal Station by one of the original inhabitants of Bedlam, an obvious madman with glittering eyes pogo-dancing to some relentless song in his head. That was the day I arrived. On the day I left, I felt — and looked — like him. — Paul Stafford



RECESSION WISDOM

When does the bust end and the boom start? When prices for assets stop going down and start going up. Unfortunately, this is never as clear at the time as it is in hindsight (as they say, no-one rings a bell), but that doesn't matter. In fact, it can be advantageous to wait until you are sure the trend is a trend and not merely a hiccup, bounce or false dawn. As booms are usually slow to start, there is plenty of time to take a comfortable seat, open your thermos and settle back for the ride.

First, you have to book your ticket. You do that by saving money. In the bank or building society.

Then, maybe in six months' time or more likely this time next year, you can start thinking about investing. Check what the economy is doing. Is it growing by two percent a year with even higher growth rates tipped? Is unemployment coming down? Are the financial pages talking of another boom — a specific boom, say, like nickel, or hi-tech, or utiles or widgets or whatever? If they are, be careful:

keep the rain off your head. Gear it by borrowing. Negatively gear it by borrowing more than can be covered by the rent alone; the shortfall is made up by you from your other income. Just make sure you can cover the shortfall or be prepared to say g'day to a man in a grey suit. Don't forget, when you're doing figures, to take off ten percent from the very bottom line — and then round down. This is the margin for error — make sure it goes your way.

Then, if the world operates as it has done for the last 300 years, rent increases will, in four or five years, bring the interest repayments and rent received to parity; and the property will be worth a good bit more than what you paid for it. At this point you can relax, because the property is now self-funding. Even if there's another bust (and there will be, brother, there will be) you're okay.

Of course, there's nothing wrong with taking a profit either. Check the property cycle. Have prices soared dramatically? Are agents and financial reporters suggesting even bigger rises? Has this been going on for a year or more? Yes? Right — bail out. Sell. So what if it ain't the very top of the cycle. What do you want,

impressive, why take a chance? There are plenty of trusts out there and you might as well back one that's run by blokes who know what they're doing.

Check out the properties themselves. At least look in the prospectus or annual report at what

Now's the time to squirrel your nuts

the alleged assets are. And, if you're passing, look at the building. Who are the tenants? BHP or The Last Legs Theatrical Agency? What's the district like — alive or decaying?

And if you can't read a balance sheet or, more importantly, can't read between the lines of a balance sheet, go and see an investment adviser — one who charges you a fee rather than one who takes a slice of your action. Tell him what you want, and if he can't supply — or says he can but you sense he's fibbing — sack him.

What you want is a cashed-up property trust, not one that has been suffering redemptions (that is, people have been withdrawing more than they've been putting in over the duration of the bust). One that has revalued its properties down to today's lower levels, and one that is not so much in debt that it can't borrow more without owing the banks more than it owes unit-holders. A property trust that is, in a word, healthy. And ready to move (up, not down — or out).

Just don't do it straight away — unless, by the time you read this, you're convinced the economy has bottomed. And even then, be careful. The Australian property market has, in the past, run on a five to seven-year cycle, top to top, bottom to bottom. So if you miss the first year, don't worry — there's another half dozen or so to go. And you also miss those annoying little bounces at the bottom that shake out the last of the previous boom's strugglers and a few bucks from new punters to boost the pockets of the real smarties.

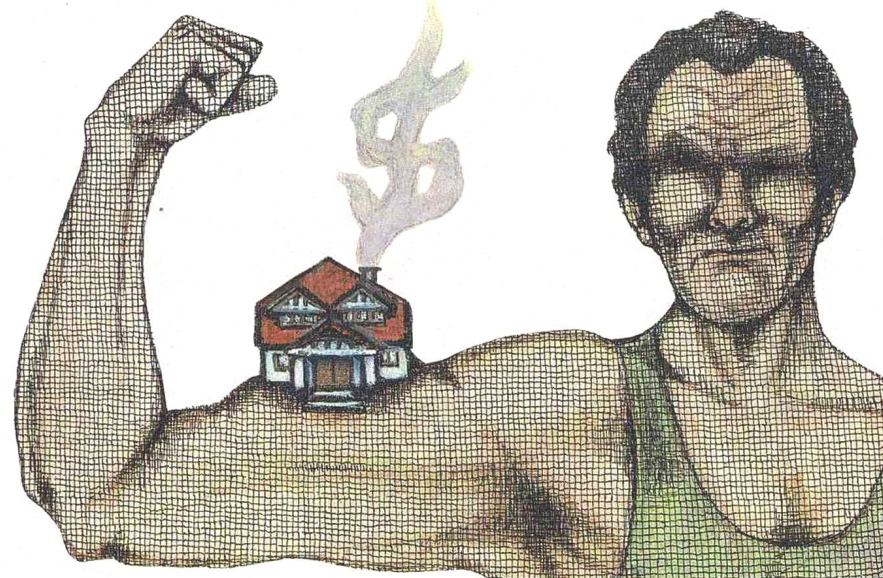
So how's this for go-go investment advice: go start a bank account and go put something into it every payday. Dull, I know, but busts are when tortoises come into their own and the hares end up in game stew.

— David Quicksilver

every dollar in the world?

You need not buy property directly. You can go via a property trust, which has the advantage that small investors can get set. I know you may have been hurt by property trusts before, but that was because you stayed in too long or picked the wrong one.

Buy property trusts as you would buy a property itself. Check it out. Who are these roosters behind the trust? If their job history is not



these mini-booms usually manage to dampen the broader boom for a year or two.

But if you invest in property, you shouldn't go too badly wrong (says I in total awareness that poor George Herscu went spectacularly wrong in property... Oh well, you know what I mean — just don't go overboard.)

You can buy a nice little home unit if you like. It's a big eggs-in-one basket, so to speak, but the advantage is you can always use it to

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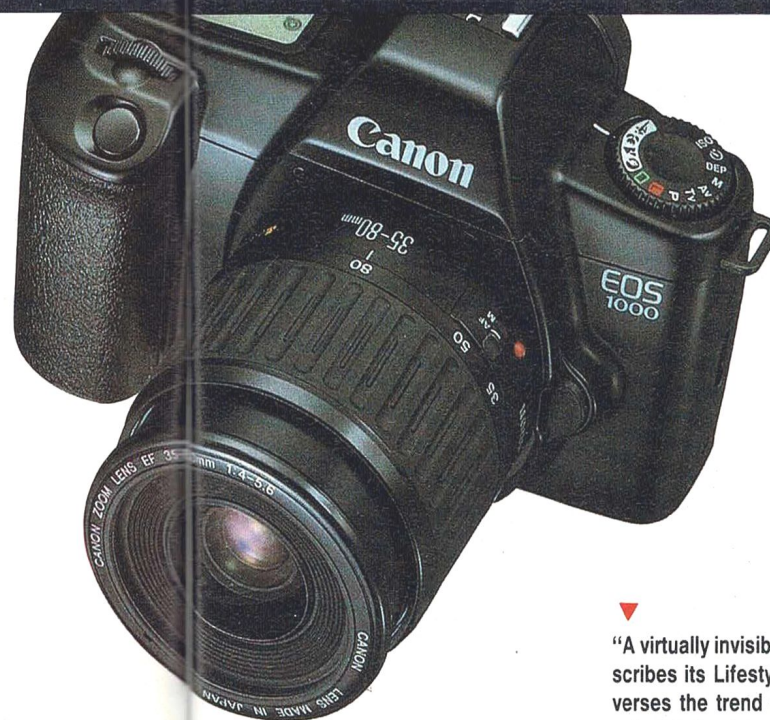
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For the guy or gal who has everything (materially speaking, that is), how about the yuppy clock radio? No cheap and nasty squawker this, Proton's R5-4218 boasts stereo sound via a powered extension speaker with three Watts per channel on tap. This might not sound much, but it's enough to ensure you don't oversleep. Twelve station presets are provided (six AM/six FM) with auto tuning and a neat little function lets you fall asleep to one station and wake to another. You can plug in a pair of headphones or a portable CD player, the time display's brightness can be varied, and there's a choice of three alarm volumes. W.C. Wedderspoon is the distributor.



Canon is firing a cheap shot with its latest EOS series autofocus 35mm SLR. Complete with 35-90mm zoom and a small flash gun, the EOS 1000 sells for a modest \$699 yet it's packed with the sort of features you'd expect on a much more expensive model. Autofocusing (for both stationary and moving objects) is backed by fully programmed exposure control, a motorised film transport for action sequences and sophisticated light metering facilities which instantly turn you into David Bailey. For another measly \$300, Canon throws in an 80-200mm zoom which means you're fully equipped for under a grand.



"A virtually invisible music system" is how Bose describes its Lifestyle component system, which reverses the trend of conspicuously flaunting home entertainment equipment. Heart of the Lifestyle system is a compact, slim and elegantly styled unit comprising CD player and an AM/FM tuner. Where's the amplifier, you ask? It's contained in the tiny Powered Acoustimass loudspeakers, which are designed to be discreetly located so they don't upset your carefully co-ordinated decor. Two 50 Watt amps drive pole-mounted clusters of cube speakers while a 100 Watt unit pumps out a solid bass. Full remote control and provisions for piping sound to multiple rooms are notable features.

ET could have happily phoned home on the Beocom 2000 from the Danish company Bang & Olufsen. According to the publicity blurb, the Beocom 2000 is more than just a telephone as it includes a built-in pressure chamber loudspeaker so a room full of people can overhear your conversation. There's a 20-number memory, an auto redial which stores the last three numbers called and an LCD display. B&O's main claim to fame is hi-fi equipment, which is probably why it describes the Beocom as "telephonic hi-fi." Bang & Olufsen Australia has offices in most of the state capitals. Their reps will no doubt be glad to tell you where to go (for a demo, that is).

Impress your party guests by telling them your headphones are made from Zelkova wood. Sony's new MDR-R10 'phones employ this timber for its timbre, weight and "sound transferability characteristics." What this means in plain English is the most comfortable headphones you've ever worn which also deliver natural distortion-free sound no matter how hard you drive. If you have to ask the price you can't afford them (so don't ask). Available from all good Sony stockists.



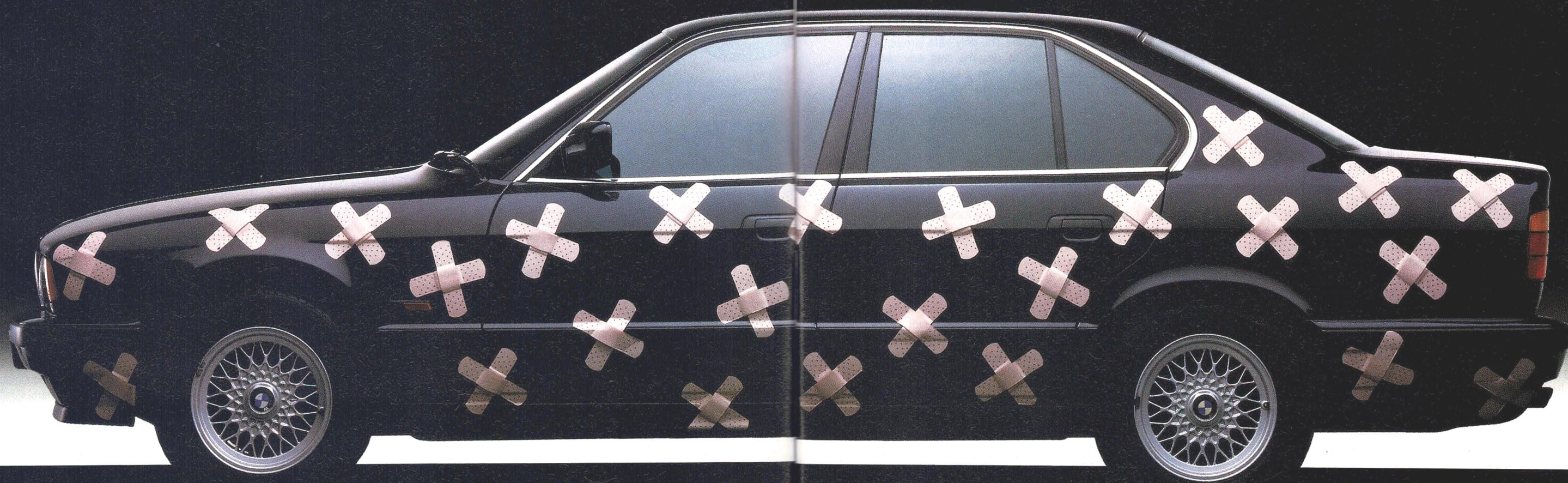
A Disc-O-Tech with a difference, Pioneer's PD-M92 CD player accommodates up to six discs to give around nine hours of non-stop music. Alternatively, it's possible to make up your own play lists containing up to 40 tracks or let the PD-M92 make its own choice via a random play. There's a remote control for the sofa-bound, while lacquered timber end panels add a touch of elegance to the high-tech front panel. From Pioneer Electronics Australia.



It looks like something Darth Vader would point at a wayward droid, but Fujii's FZ-3000 Zoom is actually the latest in all-singing, all-dancing picture-taking machinery. It's equipped with a 38-115mm power zoom and a built-in flash which automatically matches the lens's angle-of-view. Exposure control is fully automatic but backlight compensation and fill-in flash are on hand to cope with tricky situations. A pre-flash function dazzles your subjects so the dreaded red-eye effect is reduced (and you don't catch them mid-blink). A more powerful flash can be fitted if you're feeling adventurous. Available from Hanimex for around \$600.

This is it! The ultimate in video camcorders is built by Sony and will set you back very big bickies indeed (about \$5000 to be precise), but in return for this you get everything needed to compete with Channel Ten. At the business end there's a variable speed eight times zoom coupled to a very high resolution image sensor (495,000 pixels, for the technically inclined). Special effects include strobe, solarisation, digital zoom (giving 32 times magnification), an intervalometer for time lapse sequences and animation plus eight-color titling with scroll and reverse. Hi8 picture quality and hi-fi stereo sound ensure a professional production.





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Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

But you were only flirting. It was the sort of remark you have made to other women at work as a part of the daily banter, joking with each other. That's one of the things you like about working here, that everyone gets on and you can kid each other. This new woman is a good-looker so it was only natural you'd kid around with her, too. The first you knew that she didn't like it was when you were called to the boss's office to hear that she has complained of sexual harassment by you. She has made a formal complaint and you suddenly find yourself in deep strife. What went wrong?

Sexual harassment, as opposed to sexism (discussed in a previous issue), involves making unwanted sexual advances or remarks. A sexual remark with the potential of being harassment could be: "I'll bet you're good in bed." It refers to sexual behavior. It is the implicit sexual advance that makes it potentially sexual harassment.

On the face of it, it's simple to avoid being accused of sexual harassment. Just never make any sexual advances or remarks. That would be safe, but also rather boring and even socially restricting. It would be like always having intercourse while wearing six condoms: ultra safe but missing out on some of the good, clean fun in life. Let me make myself clear. To harass someone means to persistently disturb, to torment him or her. I do not commend harassment to you nor do I think it's likely to be an appropriate way of behaving towards anybody, not even someone you don't like. Sexual harassment is no more excusable or desirable than any other form of harassment. Although sexual harassment is probably as old as sex, recognition of its unacceptability is comparatively recent and growing. There are now moves at the federal level to make it a crime punishable by imprisonment. But to avoid

KEEPING OUT OF TROUBLE

There's a dangerous difference between flirting and sexual harassment

harassing anyone sexually, do you have to hide in a box for the rest of your life?

The difficulty that our sexist society imposes, especially on men, is that we are usually expected to take the initiative in relationships. Although some women are questioning these sexist traditions and taking a more assertive lead in social and sexual situations, many still don't. Even among those who do, many only feel comfortable taking the initiative after the relationship has developed to a certain point.

In many situations it is still the case that, unless he makes a social or sexual advance, nothing will happen because she is still reluctant to make the first move. This is still true for many women who

many of us have adopted is to make our initial approach a flirtatious one. We joke about it. Then, if she turns us down, it's no great drama because we were only joking, anyway. On the other hand, if she shows some real interest, we can move from joking mode to serious mode and we're off.

Women don't like being rejected, either. If his first approach is flirtatious, maybe joking, maybe serious, she doesn't want to assume it's automatically serious in case it was a joke. So she's likely to joke back, at least to begin with. And there you have a practice — men and women flirting with each other — that has been going on for centuries, usually to their mutual enjoyment. It's when it isn't mutu-

likely harassment for you to keep making sexual advances after she has declined one. In fact, it's that persistence after a refusal that usually defines harassment.

There are two further traps to avoid. What do you do if she doesn't refuse your sexual advance but also doesn't reciprocate? The only safe strategy here is to assume that any reaction other than a clearly positive one amounts to "No." It would be good if we were all assertive enough to let each other know clearly and promptly how we feel about anything important. But it is still the case that many women have been taught to be submissive. She may strongly dislike your sexual approach but feel unable to tell you that. The risk of this gets higher if there is any other reason that would make her reluctant to upset you, for example, if she works under you. Relationships with a power imbalance are more at risk of involving harassment.

The second trap is the possibility that she may change her mind later. She may give you every indication that she is comfortable sharing a few sexual jokes. Then she suddenly complains of your sexual harassment. This might follow an argument or some similar event that might make you question the sincerity of her complaint. But you are still on the receiving end of it and possibly in trouble. The best protection against this risk is to have other witnesses who could vouch for your claim that your accuser had previously seemed quite happy with your behavior.

If you both enjoy it and feel comfortable with it, swap sexual jokes, sexual innuendo and flirt with anyone you like. But if you get a negative or even neutral reaction, back off and change the subject. Most importantly, you are respecting the other person's feelings and rights, but you may also be saving yourself from a lot of hassles. ☐

"The clearest sign that your sexual advance might lead to harassment is when it isn't reciprocated. Don't be fooled by the myth that women need to be coaxed."

might actually welcome an approach from the man in question, although obviously not always true. Unless a lot of people, men and women, are going to miss out on the chance of some good relationships, for the time being it will be he who is going to have to make a social or sexual approach.

Despite our PR to the contrary, beneath our tough exteriors many of us men are a bit soft. We like to be liked. We hurt when we are rejected. But often we will have to take the chance of being rejected, to give a possible relationship a chance of taking off. The solution

ally enjoyed that it can become sexual harassment.

So the clearest sign that your sexual advance might lead to harassment is when it isn't reciprocated. Don't be fooled by the old myth that women need to be coaxed. Sexually well-adjusted women are no less interested in sex than sexually well-adjusted men are. If she says "No", you should accept that she means it. If she wants to, she can say, "Let me think about it" or, "Try harder." But if she hasn't said something like that, don't assume it. It would be rude, unpleasant and quite

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AND POLISH



advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Two to tango

How can I get my wife to go down on me? She likes it when I do it to her, but she won't reciprocate.

How uncivil of her. Is she perhaps working on the premise that while she needs oral attention to climax, you'll come during intercourse (therefore, she doesn't need to go down on you)? It also depends exactly what her objections are: perhaps she doesn't want to swallow semen, in which case I'm sure you can find a way around that. Explain to her how much of a turn-on it is for you to be orally stimulated. Failing that, try bargaining — you'll only go down on her if she'll do you first. If she loves to be eaten, she'll come to the party sooner or later.

Hands up

Why do women pay so little attention to the development of manual skills? Occasionally I like to be jerked off by a loving, knowledgeable hand. But the women I know grab my dick like it was a gear shift and they were rally drivers. Why can't they do it nice and easy?

Most sex literature these days is concerned with oral sex or intercourse. Hands rarely feature. Women, since they don't have dicks, and since they don't often watch men masturbate, won't instinctively know how sensitive you are. Without playing traffic cop, you can still indicate to a woman what feels best.

Back chat

I enjoy anal sex, but my wife flatly refuses. What can I do to persuade her to try it?

Maybe she's tried it before with an insensitive partner and it hurt. Finesse is the trick here. Arm yourself with some excellent wine, a tube of K-Y Jelly and lots of patience. Rub jelly all over her labia, clitoris and vagina and work towards her arse.



she teasing me like this?

Teasing is the one form of sexual behavior men understand least in women. Male logic usually goes like this: if she's going to do it, why doesn't she just do it? Why play around? But female logic is apt to run like this: I am attracted to this guy and I'd like to play around a little with him. But I'm not sure I want to have intercourse.

Men feel a stronger physiological need to finish the sex act than women do. Males are programmed, biologically and socially, to push for orgasm every time an erotic contact is initiated; women are not. Thus,

teasing is sometimes a prelude to the real thing, but it leaves room for a woman to change her mind. Which she sometimes does. In your case, kisses and cuddles may well be all you'll ever get from your friend's wife.

His own medicine

My lover has suddenly developed a fixation for anal sex. I have to be very drunk, and frankly, I hate it. Since he comes, I also hate the messy after-effects. It's spoiling things because I feel bad when I say no. I'm beginning to avoid sex with him which is a bore, because I used to enjoy it. What do I do?

Have you spoken to him about it? It's pretty inconsiderate of him to keep pushing you if he knows you dislike it. Has he ever had it done to him? If you have spoken to him about it and he still persists, try another tactic. Acquire a large dildo and some enema equipment and next time you hit the sack, tell him it's your turn. If he refuses, or doesn't like it, then you have proved your point. If he just loves it, it might be time to look further afield for a lover who appreciates what you have to offer as a woman, and who doesn't persist in making sex unpleasant for you.

Overheated

I am a 26-year-old male and feel that I am a sex maniac. I can't stop masturbating and sometimes I do it three times a day. I can't go a day without it. Due to this problem I'm thin and can't put on weight. How can I reduce my sexual appetite for

masturbating? Does masturbating make me lose weight? When I masturbate about three times a day, sometimes I get a pain above the base of the penis. Is this a problem?

Masturbating shouldn't be a problem unless it interferes with the rest of your life. A lot of pulling will naturally give you a pain in the dick — that's normal. But it won't do you any harm. The amount you masturbate makes absolutely no difference to your weight. If your weight is worrying you, see a GP. Or hit the gym — a daily workout will fill you out and may also dissipate a bit of that energy that's making you want to masturbate.

Trouble and strife

My wife says my penis, which is only three inches long, isn't big enough to satisfy her, so she sleeps with other men. It does nothing for my ego, and I spend a lot of time feeling unhappy and angry.

It seems as though your wife is simply looking for an excuse to sleep around. No wonder you feel unhappy. But why are you letting her get away with this verbal abuse? If your dick isn't good enough for her, then why did she marry you? If you

You probably saw them next to the ads for breast enlargers, which don't work either. Doctors say penis enlargers can cause pain and temporary swelling — which has nothing to do with getting a hard-on, and in fact would probably obstruct erection. An acquaintance who decided to test one of these enlargers couldn't get it off again, and had to sneak into the doctor's surgery with the apparatus still attached. His dick was out of action for a couple of weeks thereafter. How often do I need to say it? It's not how big your penis is — it's what you do with it that counts. So unless you're into medieval torture, spare your poor dick the trouble.

Wrapped up

Can you catch AIDS from going down on a woman? Is there the equivalent of a condom that can be put over the pussy?

There hasn't, to my knowledge, been a single case recorded where someone has caught AIDS from going down. If the woman is part of a high-risk group, ie, intravenous drug user, or if she has been sleeping with high-risk men, then you'd want to be careful whatever you do. But the AIDS virus is swiftly destroyed by enzymes in the mouth and stomach. As for the equiv-



alent of a condom — in the bad old days of herpes, it was said that Gladwrap did the job well enough. Dunno how your partner will take to that, though.

Size wise

I have seen ads for penis enlargers in several magazines. Do they really work? And if so, how? Are they dangerous?

Tongue in cheek

When a woman has cunnilingus done to her, does she prefer the tongue to be thrusting deep or licking around the edges?

Most women would probably say they enjoy both. Even more women would say they enjoy the tongue in question to direct itself to the clitoris. You can surely gauge the effect your tongue is having on the woman you're with, can't you? When in doubt, lick everything.

Voulez vous?

I was seeing a lady and then I stopped seeing her three months ago. I want to have sex with her again. How do I ask?

Send flowers. Leave friendly messages on her answering machine. Tell her how much you've missed her. Book a room at the Regent. After a three-month absence (and depending on whether you parted on good terms), you probably won't find your way back into her bed by simply calling up and asking her if she's got time to fuck. And anyway, is sex all you want? Most women want to be wanted for more than that.

In the cold

All the women I like turn out to be lesbians. Why is this?

It's the most favorite Australian excuse of all time: she wouldn't sleep with me, therefore she must be a lesbian.

Men who resort to this excuse often view women as distant, unco-operative perpetrators of baffling behavior. Such men are often threatened by women. It is far easier, therefore, to write women off as lesbians, dykes, weirdos or snotty sorts than to turn around and admit that the problem lies with the man himself. All the women you like are probably not lesbians. You probably need to polish up your act.

Pillow talk

What do women think men want to hear them say during sex?

Honey, we just got a phone bill for \$700, what are we going to do about it? Seriously, what do you think? Women think men want to hear them say that what they are doing (the men, that is) is absolutely bloody terrific, A1. And if you'd best take it two millimetres to the left, you'd be the best lover in the world right now. That sort of thing. It depends on the individuals concerned, too. Some people get turned on by dirty talk, others get turned off by it. It's up to you to find out. ☺

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MART OPERATOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DANIEL MAYOR

Ginny Burbank is a 22-year-old city girl who considers herself a smart operator. She holds down a busy job as an assistant to a financial adviser, and hopes to groom herself for the money market. "I love the cut and thrust of the financial world," she says seriously.



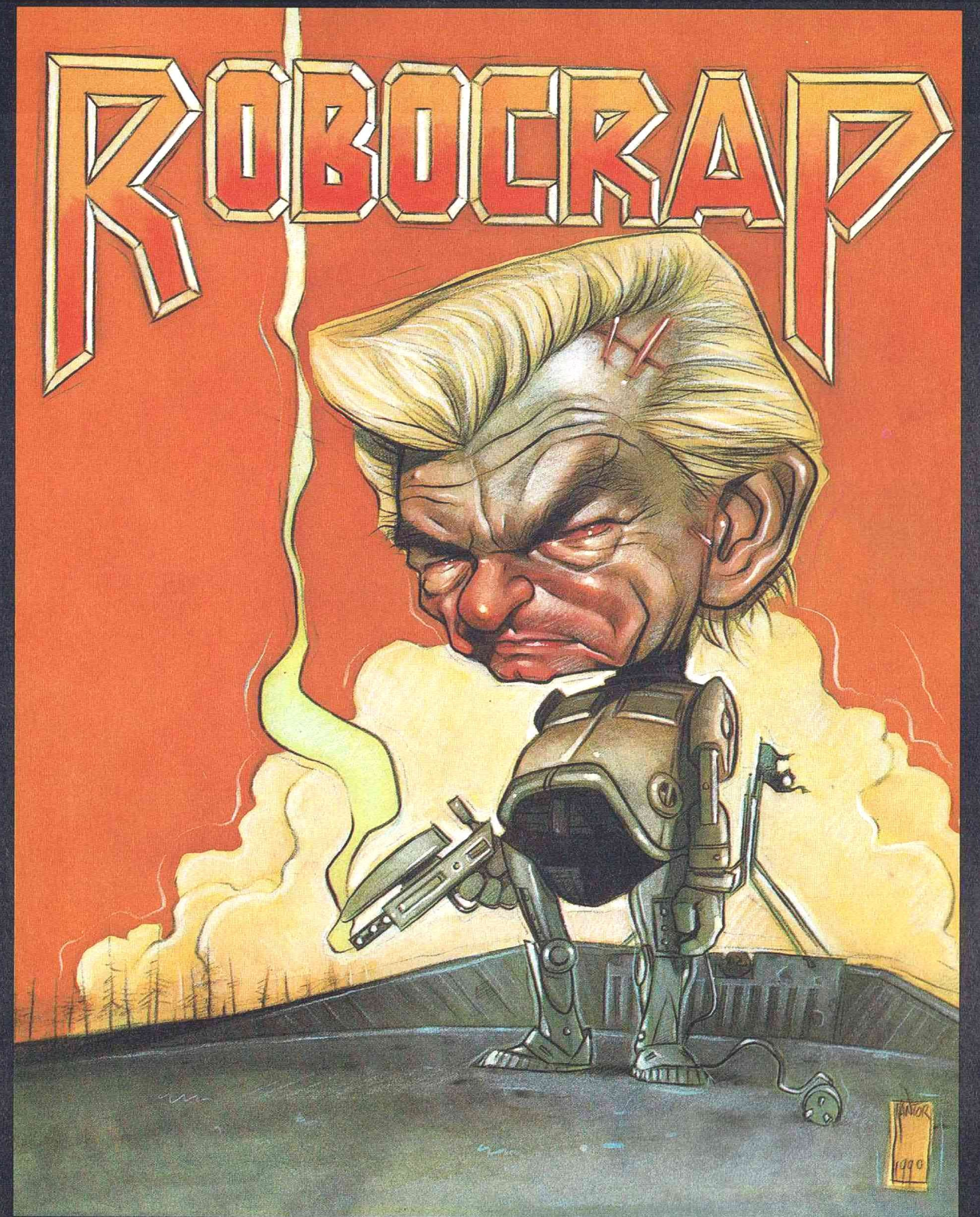
"City life is never boring," says Ginny, who believes in being positive about everything. She's always in a hurry, but wouldn't have it any other way. "Except, of course, when I'm at home with a friend. There are some things you definitely don't rush."





Ginny is as go-getting about men as she is about her career. "If I fancy someone, I phone them up and ask them out. Why not?" She prefers sophisticated, well-heeled types who are as dedicated to the cause as she is. "It's a matter of knowing what you want from life," she shrugs, "and having the confidence to go out and get it."





KANTOR'S GALLERY



BY JOHN BAXTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STUDIO DOOR 34

There's this pilot going around the American TV networks. It cost half a million dollars to put together and it's called *Crime Time*.

There's no shortage of crime shows on American TV, but this one will be different. In one segment, for instance, a convicted burglar cracks a safe on screen, working against the clock while a studio audience cheers him on. Then, in

"Cooking With *La Cosa Nostra*", a Mafia hitman demonstrates his recipe for lasagna. And a man who dismembered a neighbor and mailed body parts around the country reads extracts from his trial testimony to the tune of "Some Enchanted Evening."

Nobody has so far bought

PRIME TIME CRIME

Snug in the safety of their homes, Americans are really turning on to theft and rape and blood and guts

PRIME TIME

Crime Time. But sooner or later some executive, desperate for another rating point in a market where the networks' share of the audience has dropped from 90 percent in 1980 to 65 percent today, will turn the picture of his grandmother to the wall and call up the series' producers.

Because prime time crime is the biggest growth area in American media. It's not just drama series like *LA Law* and *Wiseguy* and *Miami Vice* that have drawn the audience. It's the real-life crime documentaries like *Cops* which follow actual police on real-life raids, and the flood of search-and-find crime shows that turn every viewer into a bounty-hunter — sometimes for cash rewards.

"TV's never been so real," boasted the ABC Network of a police procedural documentary special called *Code One*.

"These aren't actors." The show promised "SWAT team raids ... emergency room dramas ... firefighting ... you're there in the heat of the action." The titles — often disguised under the label "Reality Programming" — tell the story: *Crimewatch Tonight*, *Crime Diaries*, *Crimestoppers 800*, *Cop Talk: Behind The Shield*, *The Investigators*, *Reward*, *Missing Reward*, *Trial By Jury*, *Tabloid*, *Crimes Of The Century*, *Manhunt*, *America's Search For Missing Children*, *Has Anybody Seen My Child?* and *National Lost And Found*.

Recently aired in America or about to hit the screen are the following films based on real crimes:

- *The Hillside Strangers*. An NBC movie about ten 1978 Los Angeles rape/murders, and the capture and trial of the two killers.
- Two films, one of them a four-hour NBC mini-series, based on Joe McGinniss's book *Blind Faith*, about high-living New Jersey insurance man Jeffrey MacDonald, who allegedly killed his socialite wife for the insurance. McGinniss will receive half a million dollars for the use of his book.
- *A Fine American Family*. The story of Florida tobacco heir Steve Benson's murder of his mother and stepbrother.
- *Total Hit*. A story of San Antonio policeman Farrell Tucker, who was tried and acquitted of killing his best friend, a "rogue cop."

Also in various stages of development are *Murder In The Age Of Aquarius*, about a homicidal Philadelphia guru, *Trackdown*, the story of the so-called Los Angeles "Night Stalker" murders for which drifter Richard Ramirez was convicted late last year, *Soldiers Of Misfortune*, on a mercenary who allegedly advertised in newspapers of his willingness to kill on contract, *Careless Whispers*, about an Iranian migrant who hired a killer to win a large insurance claim, and *Doc*, from Jack Olsen's book about a Wyoming gynaecologist accused of raping his patients.

If American TV is eager to exploit law en-

forcement, the law is no less hungry to be exploited. In 1985, in the so-called "Mormon Murders", a forger of rare religious documents blew up a number of church elders in Salt Lake City, Utah to hide his crimes. Approached by no less than 19 producers, the nine policemen and government lawyers on the case jointly hired a lawyer and an agent, and sold their story for \$375,000.

The sale of *Doc* to ABC TV is typical. Before the book was even published, author Olsen received a five-figure option payment against a purchase price of \$62,500 an hour for the first two hours of broadcast time, \$93,750 for each subsequent hour, plus five percent of the profits. Other chroniclers of real-life crime have scored equally huge sums for their work. Only a few, like Anne Rule, who briefly travelled with serial murderer Ted Bundy without knowing his identity, have declined the offers. She turned down NBC's \$100,000 bid

6
Approached by
no less than 19
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for her book *The Stranger Beside Me* when the network wanted, she said, "to make alterations I couldn't deal with." They filmed the story anyway, as *Ted Bundy: The Deliberate Stranger*, with heart-throb Mark Harmon as Bundy — elegant, charming, handsome. "They forgot what he did to all those women," Rule says of Bundy, who was finally identified through the teeth marks he left on his victims.

Rule was wrong. Far from forgetting, NBC was merely following the new rule in TV programming: crime pays. "The very word 'murder' ignites network ambitions," says TV exec Harvey Kahn, who has two homicide stories in the works. "This is a shortcut to high ratings."

Michael Linder, executive producer of the most popular of the crime series, *America's Most Wanted*, proudly told the *LA Times*: "We have tapped into a great frustration on the part of the American public. What you are witnessing is the birth of a new era and a new wave of journalism. Citizens want to better understand and help the police, and there is a willingness by television to help do that." Maybe. More likely is the proposition that

network TV, hard-pressed by cable and desperate to prop up failing ratings, has seen a meal ticket and grabbed it greedily.

The success of courtroom dramas like *Presumed Innocent* has made even the slow-moving US judicial system marketable. Australian TV has already picked up *People's Court*, where a real judge makes rulings for real litigants who agree to abide by his decision in return for a quick settlement that never takes longer than the gap between commercial breaks. In *Divorce Court*, faked cases are settled by a real judge and attorneys whom the media have turned into performers.

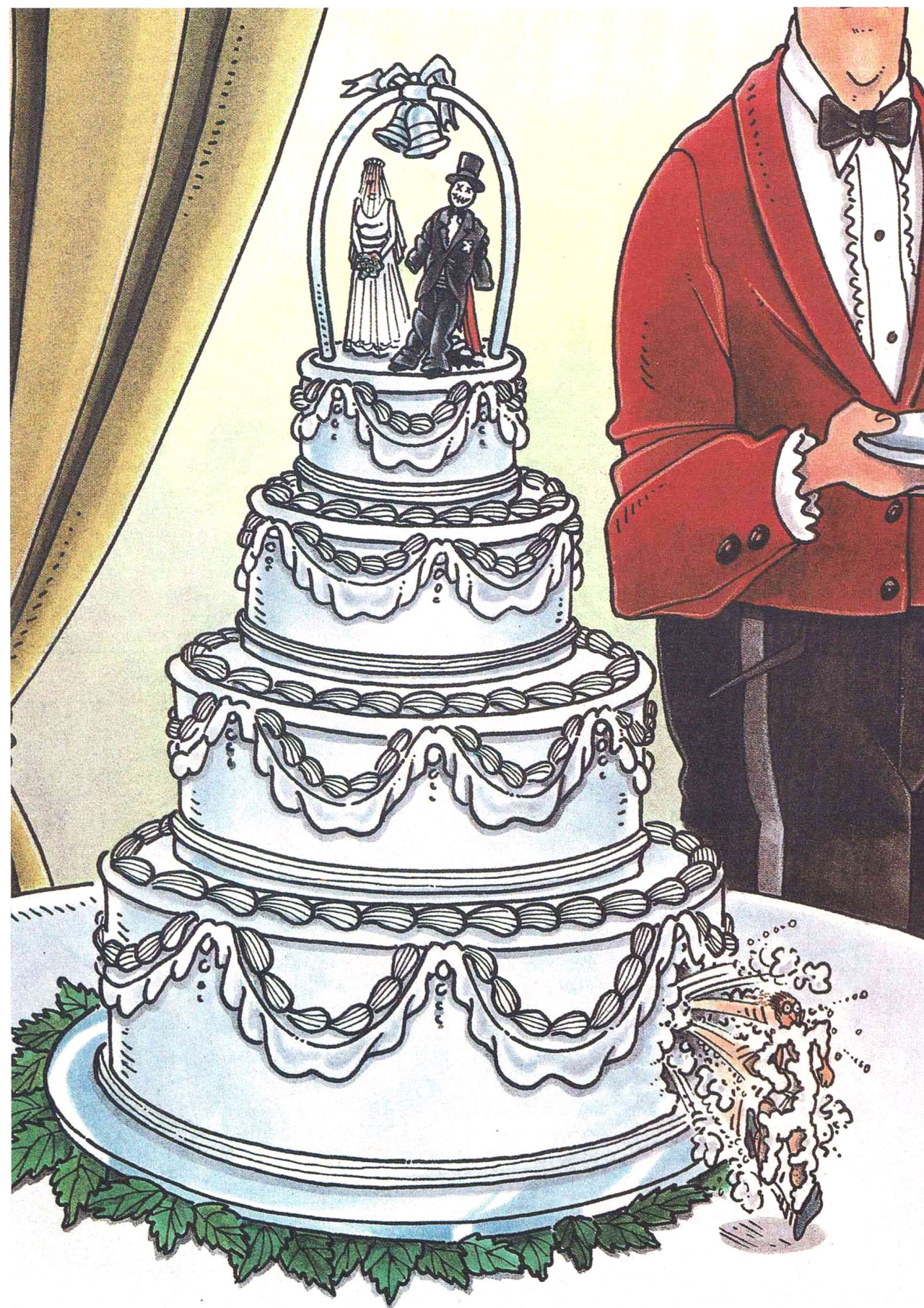
In 1977 Florida became the first US state to allow TV cameras into its courtrooms. Today, 44 of the 50 states permit TV coverage. Now the prestigious magazine *American Lawyer* has launched a 24-hour cable station to televise trials from around the country — "supplemented," promises prime-mover Steven Brill, "by commentary from leading lawyers who will explain what's going on." It's clearly an idea whose time has come. A rival company, Long Island's Cablevision Systems, which won high ratings by televising local murder trials, is also launching a daytime courtroom cable channel.

Not everyone is keen on this new development. Asked to permit TV coverage of the New York Central Park rape case, where a white jogger was set on by 25 black youths, raped, beaten with iron pipes and bricks and left for dead, naked in a ravine, the judge refused, citing the youth of the defendants — 15 and 16 — and the law against televising rape victims. The potential televisers weren't happy. And it's certain that judges more interested in personal notoriety than justice will cheerfully turn their courtrooms into movie sets.

No program exemplifies the power of prime time crime (and its potential danger) more vividly than *America's Most Wanted*. It's one of the hottest shows on Rupert Murdoch's Fox network. At 8pm every Sunday night, 14.8 million people all over the United States glue themselves to the set, eager for the *frisson* of seeing murderers and rapists exposed in the heart of a town just like their own.

The formula is simple, even crude. Actors recreate real crimes on camera. Witnesses and cops are interviewed, and mug shots displayed. Viewers are then urged to ring the show's toll-free phone number if they recognise the fugitive. On the police-station set in Fox's Washington DC studio, viewers can see hundreds of calls being fielded by clean-cut young operators, probably — they imagine — plainclothes cops or FBI trainees.

Not so. Since *America's Most Wanted* is taped some hours before it goes out, those operators are actors. The calls that come in after the show's 8pm airing — about 1500 a night — are taken in a behind-the-scenes "boiler room" where



4 Dec 85

PRIME TIME

cops who've been investigating the night's chosen crimes winnow a few kernels of fact from tons of bigotry, craziness and malice.

Nor is the show quite the public-spirited service it claims to be. Behind it lies the sort of cold profit-oriented thinking that drives the whole prime time crime scene.

America's Most Wanted actually sprang in 1987 from the imagination of Stephen Chao, an LA executive of the Fox network. A graduate of Harvard's prestigious School of Business, Chao had also worked for the trash tabloid *National Enquirer*. That combination of hard commercial sense and a nose for sensation told him that the formula of certain low-key European TV shows like West Germany's *Case XYZ: Unsolved* and the British *Police 5* and *Crimewatch: UK* could adapt to the US.

Fox put the project into development as *Electronic Roundup*, and started courting the FBI for its collaboration. Without access to their list of the nation's Ten Most Wanted Criminals, the network had no line to the show's essential material: hot crimes and live fugitives. Fox's Washington station manager Thomas Herwitz put the idea to FBI Acting Director of Operations, Oliver "Buck" Revell. "This," coaxed Herwitz, "is going to do for the FBI what *Top Gun* did for the Navy." It wasn't

the best approach. Revell, a former Marine pilot, didn't like the Tom Cruise movie.

Nonetheless, Revell circulated the idea around the Bureau and got a lukewarm response. Burned before, the FBI preferred to approach the media for help only when everything else had failed. They also feared that pre-trial publicity on TV could give lawyers a lever to claim mistrials. And there was the added difficulty that the FBI only dealt with cases where criminals had crossed state lines. Since most murders are domestic and local, this cut down the potential pool of material.

But in November 1987, new FBI Director William Sessions gave cautious approval to nine probational programs. From the first of them, in February 1988, it was clear that *America's Most Wanted* was, both for Fox and the FBI, a hit. Three criminals were profiled on the first show. One of them, murderer, rapist and arsonist David James Roberts, who'd escaped from Indiana State Prison in 1986, was arrested only four days after the program. He was running a shelter for the homeless on Staten Island.

After that, the flood-gates opened. Sessions himself appeared on the show in May, 1988 to elevate three new fugitives to the Ten Most Wanted List. One was caught two days later, the others within six months. Soon, Drug and Customs services were petitioning for time. Local police would call the FBI "literally beg-

ging" to have their fugitives featured.

But Fox was becoming selective. For publicity purposes, *America's Most Wanted* might claim to be a tool of criminal investigation, but in the real world of the ratings, it was show business.

Five reporters were assigned to monitor local newspapers, looking for likely cases. "The show generally looks for three things," says one report. "A fugitive, a recent case, and a visually dramatic crime or escape. In practice, the subjects are mostly alleged convicted murderers and rapists, with a sprinkling of suspected robbers or con-artists." Executive producer Lance Heflin says he generally avoids drug cases because they "lack variety."

The relationship between criminals and the media has always been close. Gang boss Al Capone demanded that director Howard Hawks submit the script of the movie *Scarface* for his approval before it went before the cameras. FBI boss J. Edgar Hoover halted the hunt for a gangster at the moment of capture so that he could personally be seen arresting him for the newsreels. Actors from George Raft to Alain Delon have never made a secret of their friendship with known criminals.

America's Most Wanted, however, gives the country's felons the greatest frisson of all — prime time exposure. They've been known to gather friends

Continued on page 128



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

heat treatment

"I spend a lot of time working on my tan," says 27-year-old Yvonne Currie, who grew up in England but now lives in California. Yvonne runs a bar at night, so she spends her days lazing around in the sunshine.



Yvonne enjoys showing off her body, and if she must wear clothes, she says, she likes them to be sexy and flattering. "I don't miss England at all. It's so cold there that you have to wear layers of lumpy clothes, which I hate."





Yvonne also has a taste for a good Martini. "If anybody comes to the bar looking for a job, the test I give them is to mix a Martini on the spot. It's a trick, because people are drinking more margaritas around here these days."







Ideally, Yvonne says, she'd like to have a bar on a beach somewhere in the Bahamas or maybe in Mexico. "But that's a dream for the future. All I do know is that I have to live somewhere hot, where I can keep my clothing to a very bare minimum!"



different strokes

Why do some men dress in

women's clothing, or

steal panties from

clothes lines, or flash?

Peter likes to throw a rope over his garage rafters, lie on the floor, tie his legs together very tightly, then try to pull himself up on to a bed. By the time he has done that he is in a highly aroused state, which he then relieves by masturbation.

Eric wanders the streets at night, checking out neighborhood clothes lines until he finds the "right" sort of ladies' knickers. He steals them, finds somewhere quiet, masturbates into the panties, then throws them away. John is also fascinated by ladies' underwear, but he likes to buy new ones and has quite an impressive collection. Part of his ritual is to take time to select which particular panties he will use on that occasion. Then, when he is suitably excited, he masturbates wearing the chosen pair.

Sam likes to use an old plaster cast on his leg. He has a fairly smooth line he uses to obtain these from outpatient departments at hospitals, usually claiming he needs them for a fancy-dress party. He straps the cast on to his own leg at home and struggles to get around with the aid of crutches for an hour or so. He becomes increasingly aroused as he tries difficult tasks such as climbing stairs, and eventually he masturbates. He also finds the sight of a woman in plaster very arousing, irrespective of her appearance.

There is a seemingly endless variety of things that people do as part of their sexual lives. Some people exhibit their genitals to strangers in public. Others spy on people through windows or through peepholes in walls. Some men get turned on by rubbing themselves "accidentally" against women in crowded places such as shops or bus stops. Some people like to inflict or receive pain, such as by whipping or having sharp objects stuck into their bodies. Some men get hooked on a particular piece of ladies' clothing, such as stockings, shoes or swimsuits.

These unusual sexual behaviors are broadly called "paraphilias", which are then subdivided into two categories. The first covers the unconventional choice of sexual object. It is generally assumed that a person will become sexually attracted to a person of the appropriate age, usually, although not always, of the opposite sex. In some cases, the person finds an inanimate object such as shoes to be a powerful sexual stimulus, and in this case it is called a fetish.

Sometimes the person becomes attracted to people, but the type of person he is attracted to is inappropriate, as in the pedophile who wants sex with young children. This second category covers unconventional choices in sexual activity, such as exhibitionism, voyeurism and sado-masochism.

The paraphilia might be total, in which case the person is only interested in his unusual sexual choice to the exclusion of what is generally considered "normal" sexual behavior. It might, however, be partial, so that he becomes involved in more conventional relationships, but with his special behavior playing some role.

By far the majority of people who engage in such unusual sexual behaviors are men. There are a couple of theories as to

BY DR SANDRA PERTOT

ILLUSTRATION BY DRAHOS ZAK



different strokes

why that might be. One is that society is more accepting of male sexuality, so that men are more likely to experiment with unconventional sexual behaviors. Another is that the male sex drive, particularly during adolescence, is more excitable than that of the adolescent female, and so is more easily conditioned to become attached to unusual objects or patterns of behavior.

The truth probably lies with a mixture of these explanations. It does seem as if adolescent males experience a more intense, focused sexual feeling that leads them to seek some form of sexual relief. At puberty, most will experience wet dreams, and almost all boys will experiment with masturbation in their early teens. This usually continues until they find a regular sexual partner. Even then, many men continue to masturbate from time to time.

By contrast, adolescent girls seem to experience a more vague sense of unrest which is often not consciously linked to sexual frustration. Females do not appear to have the equivalent of wet dreams, at least until they are much older. These factors, linked to the fact that in our society female sexuality is more repressed, mean that females tend not to masturbate and tend to feel more uncomfortable with sexual thoughts. And masturbation, with its accompanying fantasies, is the key to unusual sexual behavior.

For some reason, an object or type of behavior becomes significant to the young male. It isn't always easy to work out why that particular object or behavior becomes so special to that individual.

However, the case of Sam, who likes to use plaster casts, might offer some clues. As a young boy, Sam was afraid of his father, who tended to ignore him except to criticise him. As a ten-year-old Sam was playing in a quarry with a younger playmate who was deaf. The younger boy fell down a trench and broke his leg. Sam's father blamed him for the accident.

Sam's father made quite a fuss over the injured lad, and made Sam buy him a gift out of his own pocket-money. Sam began to think about what it would be like to have a broken leg and have a fuss made of him. At some point, he started using this fantasy while masturbating, and eventually developed a range of themes, all involving plaster casts. Sometimes he would simply imagine that he had a cast on, and would keep his legs very stiff while masturbating. As he got older, he began to fantasise about having sex with either himself, a woman, or both in plaster. Sam did eventually marry, but often uses the plaster cast when his wife is out, and can usually only become aroused with his wife when he has one of his special fantasies.

In the case of Eric, who steals ladies' knickers from clothes lines, the causes

seem more straightforward. He remembers his mother buying him some girls' underpants at a sale when he was about 13. These particular pants were very soft and he was aware of the feel of them against his penis while he wore them. He found that he liked to masturbate with them, rubbing his penis into them. If he didn't actually use any pants, he would imagine he was using them, so that eventually he became "hooked" on the association between sexual arousal and women's underwear.

The typical history of the exhibitionist demonstrates how personality can influence the development of unusual sexual behaviors. Exhibitionism usually begins in adolescence. The young exhibitionist tends to be quite shy. He would like to develop a relationship with a girl but lacks the confidence, maturity and social skills to do that. He seems unable to imagine adult sexual relations with a female, and ap-

The feeling builds until
the man is completely
unaware of anything else
but the need to satisfy
his craving, and he
begins his ritual.

pears stuck at an earlier stage of development, behaving more like the little boy who likes to pull his pants down and show everyone what he has.

Exhibitionists vary as to what they find most exciting. Some watch the woman's face for her reaction, while others are more intent on demonstrating their masculinity to a particular type of person, such as a young, attractive female. Some masturbate during the sequence, others do so only after returning to the safety of home. Very few exhibitionists want to touch the woman, and they will usually run away if the woman makes any move forward.

The fact that many men with unusual sexual behaviors still have apparently normal sex lives might seem puzzling at first. However, the strength of the paraphilia varies from case to case. At one end, there is the man who relates normally to women and only occasionally experiences an unusual urge, perhaps when he has been drinking, or is particularly stressed. Midway is the man who is attracted to women as well as his particular interest, but who may frequently have to resort to his special fantasy to be able to become

sexually aroused with his partner. At the other end is the man who is dominated by his compulsion, often spending hours each day either thinking about it, planning for a session or actually involved in his particular sexual activity. This man is not interested in, nor capable of, sexual relations with a woman.

The other important point is that despite the obvious relationship to sexuality, often the paraphilia serves a non-sexual purpose that may eventually take over as the primary reason for continuing with it. Just as people seek sex with a partner for many different reasons — love, comfort, reassurance, as well as sexual release — so the unusual sexual behaviors may eventually be triggered by depression, anxiety or stress rather than any sexual need.

In the early stages of development, the fetish or particular activity is used as an aid to arousal, to heighten sexual pleasure. However, arousal and orgasm have remarkable anxiety reducing effects, and usually lead to an increased feeling of well-being that may last a day or more. In some cases the paraphiliac begins to use his fetish to give himself a lift when he is feeling upset or worried. Eventually, the association between feeling down and the desire to carry out the unusual behavior becomes automatic. At this point it has reached the level of a compulsion, whereby the paraphiliac has a powerful urge to carry out his act and may have little conscious control over his behavior.

Descriptions of this urge give some indication as to why it becomes so powerful. It has been described as "an electric feeling all through my body", "feeling the adrenalin pumping", "a fantastic high", "a restlessness I can't control." This feeling builds until the man is completely unaware of anything else but the need to satisfy his craving, and he begins to perform his ritual. The feeling culminates with masturbation, and orgasm usually brings an instantaneous end to it. A few minutes after orgasm, the man may calmly go about his normal routine.

Some paraphiliacs are distressed by their strong desires, but feel helpless to stop. If they resist the urge, they may become irritable and increasingly anxious until they eventually give in. The relief they get further reinforces the power of the compulsion.

Are paraphiliacs "sick" people? Should they seek treatment? The best way to answer is to recognise that even in so-called "normal" heterosexual relationships, there may be elements of paraphiliac behavior. Consider the male who only wants sex with women with large breasts, or the female who is only turned on by men with blond hair. Some couples also have special techniques they find particularly arousing, or include items such as black lingerie in their lovemaking. However, because these are socially acceptable, they pass unnoticed.

The most simple way to decide whether treatment is required is to ask two questions: What problems does this behavior cause for the individual concerned? What problems does this behavior cause for others? If the answer to both questions is "none", then no matter how unusual the behavior might seem, treatment is not called for.

If an individual is unhappy about what he's doing, his attitude would need to be explored more fully before a decision was made to undergo treatment. Some people know that their behavior is unusual, even bizarre, and worry about that, but are not highly motivated to change. Given the strength of some of these compulsions, such people don't make good candidates for therapy and so are best reassured that they have the right to behave the way they do. Rather than trying to eliminate the behavior, counselling might be directed towards teaching the man to be more discreet, or to be more assertive with people who try to humiliate him.

Thus the man who likes to go swimming in ladies' swimwear might need to learn how to deal with swimwear saleswomen as well as how to be confident on the beach when other people stare. However, if by acting in public this way the man stood to lose his job or his friends, treatment would be focused on ways of acting out his needs while avoiding any threat.

If the compulsion is interfering with the rights of others, treatment should definitely be considered, but again, the motivation of the individual to change is a significant factor in whether this is worthwhile. Some pedophiles, for example, openly flaunt their preference for children and would not consider the possibility of treatment. When people represent such a threat to the community, the only option may be to remove them from that community.

However, there are shades of grey with people such as exhibitionists and men who steal women's underwear from the line. They are infringing on the rights of others, but it's questionable whether this warrants imprisonment. Nevertheless, the behavior is causing problems for both the individual (running foul of the law) and others, so some attempt should be made to encourage him to change or accept some negative consequence.

The first step in any treatment program is a thorough assessment of the situation. How long has the person been behaving this way? Why does he want to change, and why now rather than before? How strongly motivated is he to change? How strong is the urge to carry out his unusual behavior? What strategies has he used in the past to resist the desire? How does he feel if he does not have the opportunity to perform his ritual? What circumstances seem to trigger the urge? What other factors, such as poor social skills or low self-esteem, seem to be contributing to the

problem? Does he have a sexual partner? Does she know about the problem, and if so what is her attitude to it?

The most effective treatment programs are those which offer a package designed to meet the individual needs of the client as outlined by the assessment. A critical issue is the trigger factors for the behavior. The three most common trigger factors are opportunity, so that the person only carries out his ritual when presented with the opportunity by circumstance; habit, so that the person has developed a routine of acting out his fantasies on a set day, or a set number of times per week; and stress, where the person will go to almost any lengths to act on his irresistible urge when he feels upset and the urge is triggered automatically.

Thus emphasis might be placed on environmental controls, so that the man does not put himself in the situation where the opportunity exists to carry out his desire. As well, ways might be explored to avoid taking advantage of the situation when the opportunity does arise. His "dependence" on his ritual might be reduced by gradually decreasing the amount of time he can spend each week on his obsession, or by concentrating on stress management and coping with crises, depression and anxiety in more appropriate ways. The earlier he is able to identify trigger factors and recognise the danger signals, the greater control he will have.

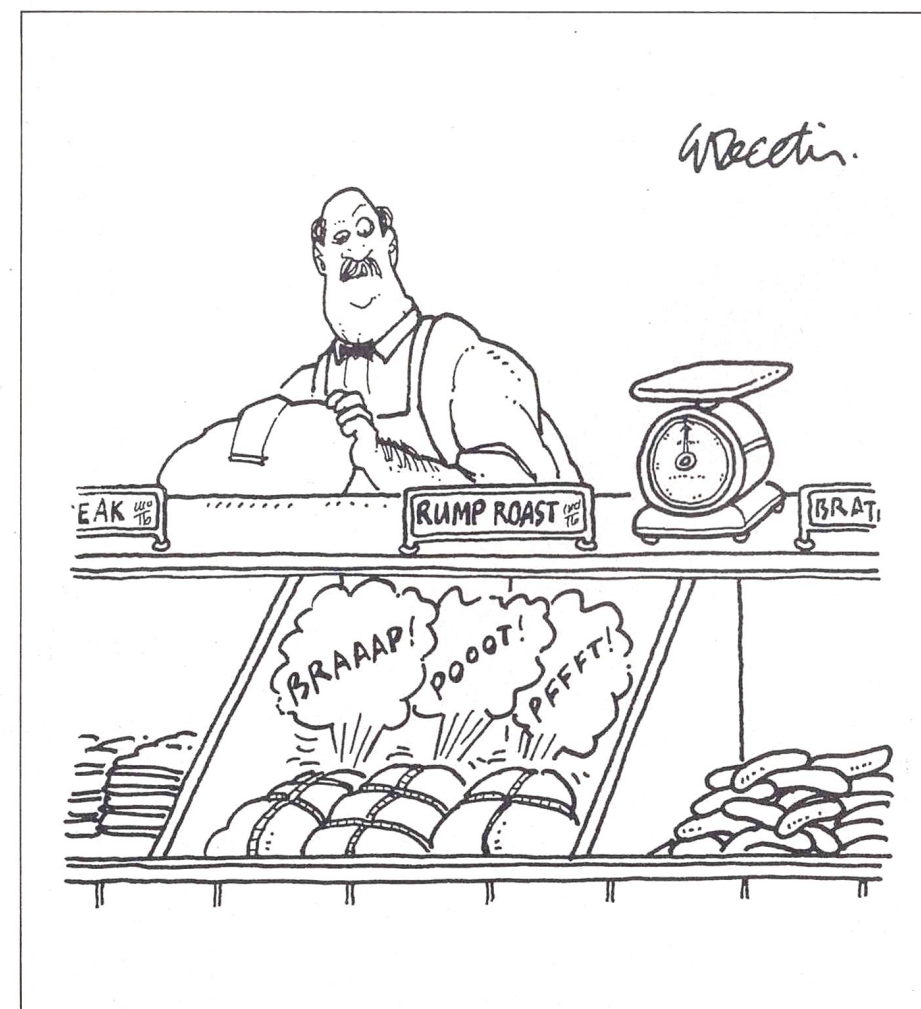
A key element in all of these options is identifying and changing thought patterns that allow the person to give in to his desire. Such thoughts might be: "Once more won't hurt"; "I'll just look, I won't do anything"; "I can't help it" and so on.

The association between masturbation and the particular obsession needs to be broken. This means gradually changing masturbatory fantasies to more appropriate images, as well as trying to avoid masturbating while engaged in the ritual behavior.

Finally, a varying mix of self-confidence building, social skills training, sex education, relaxation training, exploration of specific issues from the past (eg: a history of abuse), drug and alcohol counselling, assertiveness training, relationship counselling and sex therapy would be added to any individual program.

The success of any treatment program will depend on the strength of the compulsion and the degree of motivation to change, and just as importantly, what the man would be left with if his paraphilia was removed. For some, involvement in the unusual behavior may be the main source of comfort and pleasure, and it may not be readily replaced with more acceptable social outlets.

In the final analysis, society may have to develop greater tolerance of people who engage in unusual — but harmless — sexual behaviors. ○✚





HUMOR BY JEAN NORMAN
ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC LÖBBECKE

b a s t a r d s

Even as I type I am waiting for this bastard to telephone me. The callous bastard *said* he would. There is no excuse for this kind of behavior. **ALL MEN ARE BASTARDS (AMAB).**

AMAB is actually an ancient feminine refrain fingerprinted in blood upon the walls of the Bastille and inscribed on the tombs of the Great Pharaohs. AMAB is a misanthropic mantra as familiar to females as the Lord's Prayer is to serious Christians.

ALL MEN ARE BASTARDS was what:

- Eve shrieked at Adam after the apple incident;
- Cleopatra muttered when she slid the asp down her cleavage;
- Anne Boleyn screamed just before her head was separated from her body by a royal decree from her husband;
- The Mona Lisa had just realised when she smirked so wryly at Leonardo Da Vinci;
- Marilyn Monroe sniffled as she downed her fiftieth Nembutal;
- Imelda Marcos hissed after she had to abandon her shoes and bolt.

Women are reared on the AMAB concept. I was seven when I first heard it from my mother after my father had buggered off downcountry to watch the Wallabies play the All Blacks on their wedding anniversary.

Later I told a teacher that all men are bastards and she said she'd excuse my juvenile profanity because she agreed.

Are all men bastards? *Are you?*

Certainly your parents may have been married — even if you were a page boy at the wedding — but that is not the point and you know it.

Bastards are ruthless ratbags ranging from bigamists and serial killers through to the local retread we girls all know and have endured.

Bastards can reduce strong girls to snivelling, semi-deranged nitwits and bastards always leave behind an emotional basket case for the next bastard to sort out.

Bastard case study #1:

J is a man who's Renaissance enough to help deliver his first-born child, but bastardly enough to take filthy phone calls from his mistress throughout the procedure.

**The world is full of dirty rotten scoundrels —
and women who go crazy for 'em**

LÖBBECKE

b a s t a r d s

J is rude and abrupt to everyone. The only person he has ever been known to be nice to was a *Dolly* covergirl who'd just taken Ecstasy and was sitting on his lap at the time.

J, by no standards a good-looking bastard, refuses to date anyone other than top models.

J requires his lovers to float around in designer lingerie, put up with his perpetual perving and infidelity, be totally faithful, bail him out of debt and have a hot dinner on the table each night in case he deigns to pop over.

Vulgarily speaking, he is apparently hung like a sparrow and a lousy root, yet J is never "stuck for a fuck", as he puts it, and what's worse, he has hordes of women queuing up to be his next wife.

Bastards Don't Get Anywhere? Of course not. A bear doesn't shit in the woods and Jack Newton doesn't swim in circles either.

The modern bastard is defined under many a euphemistic guise.

For example, the alleged boyfriend of a friend of mine is known far and wide as Brad The Bastard just as Atilla was universally referred to as Atilla The Hun. Yet a psychologist would prefer to say that Brad The Bastard was socially maladjusted, a compulsive liar or frightened of love due to a deprived childhood. Or was it a depraved childhood?

Books abound that really ought to be called *Bastards Today* but they have poofy titles such as *The Casanova Complex* or *Men Who Hate Women And The Women Who Love Them*. But billions of bastards do love women — albeit "after their own fashion", as Othello said to Desdemona — and bastardry is a state of mind not quite neurotic enough to be termed a complex.

Women should avoid falling in love with bastards and learn the trick of befriending them instead. That way they're good value to a befuddled girl, because they're so aware of mankind's perfidies they can deliver direct, *sans* bullshit advice on matters that she may have dithered over with her female friends for days before approaching the bastard: "He said *what?* But that's exactly the kind of crap I'd come up with! Shaft him! Oh all right — if you really want him, act like a bitch. But you could do better than that miserable bastard . . ."

Because so many of my best friends are such bastards I was recently allowed to chair a meeting of Bastards Anonymous at my local.

Penthouse: Guys, is a man born a bastard or can the skill be developed?

Bastard 1: Actually, of all my alleged deeds of bastardry I can only recall the actual ejaculation. I reckon an attitude of callous disregard and the urge toward selfish behavior has to be something a bloke's born with.

Bastard 2: Yeah, like even that's the woman's fault. I'm always being called a Son Of A Bitch. You don't hear the phrase "Daughter Of A Bastard" much, do you?

Bastard 3: Sure, but any bloke can become a bastard just by following Bastardry's basic tenets, like "Treat Her Mean, Keep Her Keen."

Bastard 1: Whenever I catch myself being halfway decent to a bird I always remind myself of the bitch that got away.

Bastard 2: Because you were too good to her . . . I know what you mean, mate.

Bastard 3: You mean *that* bitch. She was good in the sack, though.

Bastard 1: How the hell would you know, dropkick?

Bastard 3: While you were up at Noosa, mate . . .

Bastard 1: You fucking bastard.

Bastard 3: Thanks. It was my pleasure.

Bastard 1: Your girlfriend's pregnant at the moment, isn't she? When's it due?

Bastard 2: I dunno. Nothing to do with me, mate. Saying I wanted her to be the mother of my children just seemed like a good leg-opener at the time.

“
Why do women
have such a soft
wet spot for bastards?
Is it masochism?
Or is it The
Challenge?”

Bastard 1: Why doesn't someone write a book called *Women Who Talk Too Much And The Men Who Hate Them?*

Bastard 2: Just stick your dick in their mouth — shuts 'em up every time.

Could you hold your own at a meeting of Bastards Anonymous?

Bastard case study #2:

S, a beautiful country girl from a wealthy family, married M, a worldly computer salesman and professional bastard. In obvious distress, S explained that they'd got married but their honeymoon had to be postponed as M had an important computer conference to attend in Noumea. Sweet, understanding and supportive of her new husband's career, S said that was fine, darling, and she'd be happy to go and stay with her parents for the fortnight.

While she was away her parents turned on *Perfect Match*, which she didn't normally watch, and there was her husband featuring on a segment recorded two weeks previously, in which he won a trip to Noumea with his Ideal Partner. Being a bona fide bastard, M still can't see why she had the wedding annulled and is even more miffed that

his ex-in-laws have confiscated the BMW they bestowed as a wedding gift.

Bastard character traits

If you exhibit one or more of the following character traits you are probably a bastard.

- *You chase hard, but once you've poked the quarry you lose all interest.* Bastards go to absurd lengths to secure the object of their temporary desire. They run triathlons to get close to the girl in the green spandex. They employ private investigators. They say they're in the SAS and about to paratroop into a war zone and they jack up fake weddings. But once the conquest ceases to be fantasy and becomes a *fait accompli*, the bastard is genuinely more interested in watching reruns of *Get Smart*.

- *Guilt is an emotion unknown to you.* Bastards are oblivious to criticism of their actions. Whereas some chaps fret over their faults, bastards flaunt them as a badge of honor and an aid to seduction: "Look, love, I told you I was a bastard, didn't I?"

- *You're incapable of telephoning a girl.* Bastards don't bother expending the energy because they know she'll eventually flip out and ring them, at which point she'll be insecure and desperate enough to believe that you ran over your Telecom cable with a lawnmower and only just got it fixed.

- *You see other men as a threat.* Bastards prefer to be the cock among the hen harem. A bastard will balk at introducing a current squeeze to his mates, in case one of the bastards buggers off with her — as indeed he would with any of theirs given the slightest opportunity.

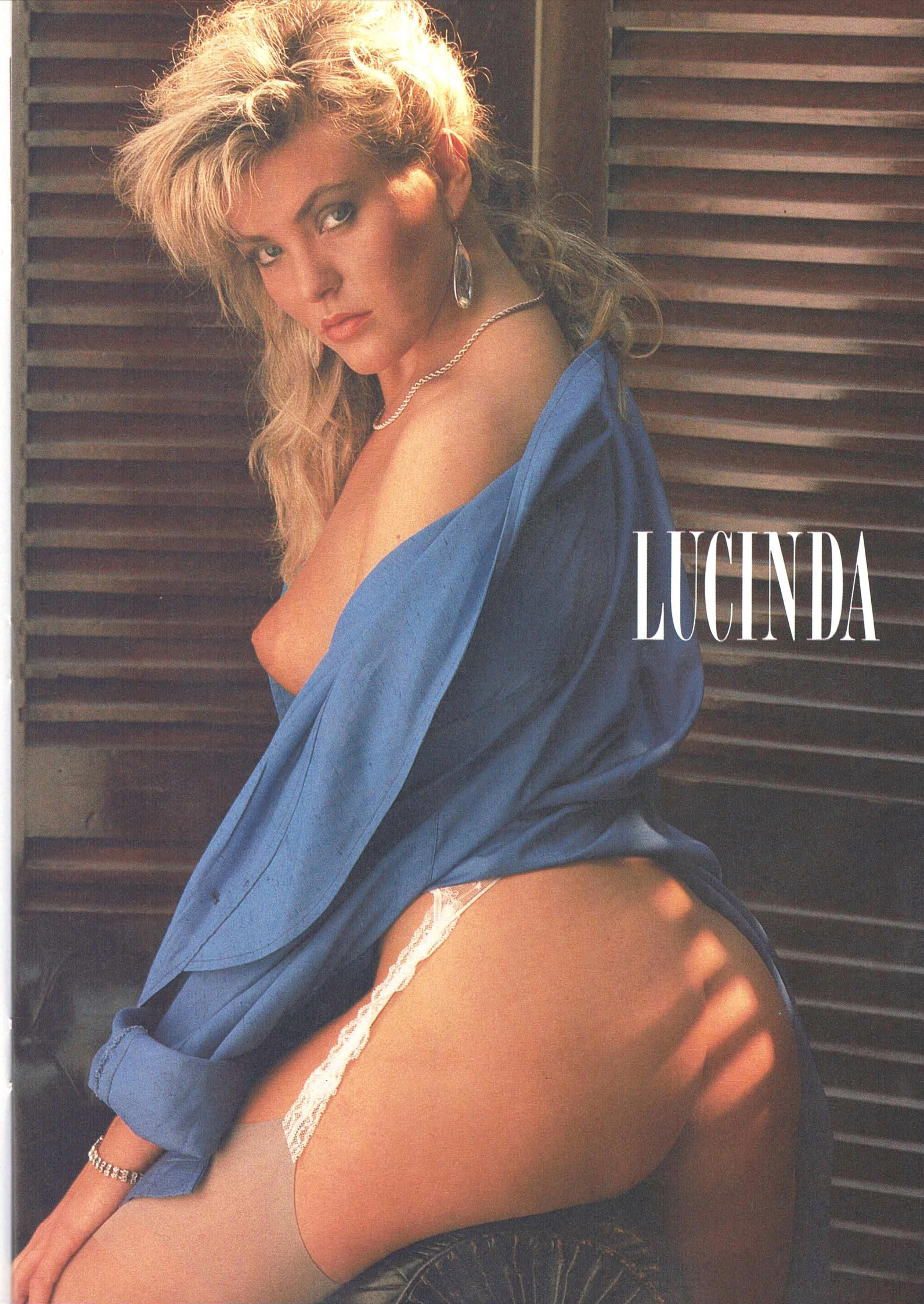
Bastard case study #3:

L, a self-made zillionaire, married P. On their honeymoon on a luxurious launch in the Mediterranean, the boat mysteriously blew itself to smithereens, leaving the couple bobbing around in the debris. "I don't know what the story is but I'll cop you later," said L to his new wife as he bastard-paddled away, leaving her to be eventually rescued by a Greek fisherman.

Back at the resort, she employed Interpol and various private dicks to find L. A month went by and still no sign of him. P blamed herself — she should have clung to him and saved him even if she'd drowned in the attempt. But eventually L was found living at a casino in the Maldives, where he was constantly surrounded by bimbos whom he'd told he was a widower.

Why do women have such a soft wet spot for bastards? Masochism? The Challenge?

My girlfriends and I spend an inordinate amount of time discussing our very own bastards. We're always telling each other we're going to "drop the bastard", but we never do. The reason why is that we want them to go down on their hands and knees and beg us to stay or they'll kill themselves, but we know they'll only laugh and ask us for our sister's phone number. ALL MEN ARE BASTARDS. ☪



LUCINDA

ALL THAT



JAZZ

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

By appearing in *Penthouse*, Lucinda Foster is balancing her act. "A lot of people would know my voice," says the 25-year-old singer. "It's me you're hearing when you listen to certain radio ads and jingles. I thought it might be time for people to see what I look like."





Lucinda sings, teaches music, and makes a good living writing the tunes that sell everyday things like soap powder. "It's not what you imagine, practising your scales as a kid," she smiles. "You think you're going to be a diva!"



Lucinda's career extends beyond things utilitarian, though. She plays a raunchy jazz saxophone on the nightclub circuit. "I just love it — I dress up in an Al Capone suit and hat, and belt out the blues as though it's the last time I'll ever play. People get really turned on, seeing a woman play a blues sax."







**There is no such thing as
your right to privacy when
your sex life is somebody
else's lucrative business**

Sydney private investigator Paul Duggan once took on a client who "wanted to find out what his ex-wife was up to, lifestyle-wise." The couple had been separated for 12 months but the client knew the woman's whereabouts and the fact that she was sharing a three-bedroom house with two gentlemen. He supplied Duggan with the address.

Duggan assigned another agent used by his company, CID Services, to carry out the surveillance. It didn't turn up anything very interesting: the lady was just going to the occasional disco and drinking from time to time with her girlfriends. The client was furnished with a written report and the surveillance terminated.

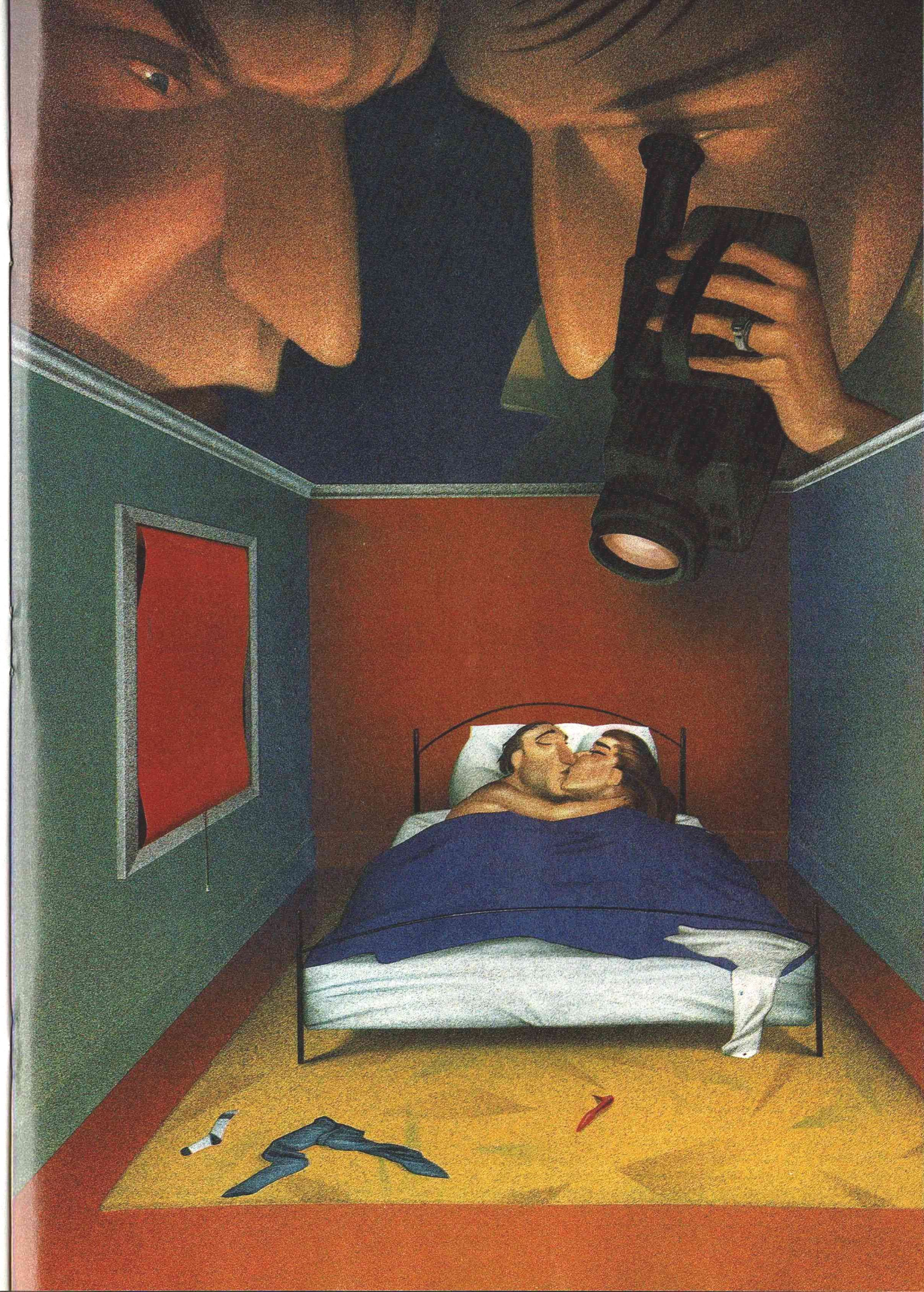
A few months later, Duggan received a phone call from police. Duggan's client's ex-wife had been stabbed to death, according to the officer. The former husband, facing a murder charge, had told police of his involvement with the private investigator. Would Duggan attend a voluntary interview and make a statement concerning his knowledge of the case?

Duggan was happy to comply. As it turned out, the stabbing story was a ruse to ensure he would turn up for the grilling. In fact, the victim had been shot with a handgun which the police had been unable to trace. Apparently the detectives reasoned that if the client had used CID for the surveillance, he may have used the same source for an untraceable weapon. They didn't want to scare Duggan off by mentioning the handgun on the

every move you make

BY GREG HUNTER

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



every move

phone. But Paul Duggan and CID were in the clear. They'd broken no law. "From our point of view," says Duggan, "the relevant facts were that, firstly, the client had supplied the address; it could have been very different if he'd said: 'Can you find my ex-wife and tell me what she's up to?' and we'd supplied him with the address and she'd later turned up dead. And secondly, I'd interviewed him across the desk to see whether or not he appeared to be a raving lunatic. So the detectives were happy for me to say: 'Yes, I saw him in person; no, he didn't seem crazy at the time; yes, I asked him why he wanted to find out about her and whether he intended her any harm' . . . I mean, it's hard trying to work out who's crazy and who's not. He *looked* 100 percent okay."

This is an age which is obsessed with all sorts of privacy issues, from relatively insignificant invasions like direct mailing lists right up to electronic surveillance and the machinations of the various government bureaucracies and of the omniscient and omnipotent Credit Reference Association (which almost certainly has a lengthy file on you). And yet, it remains perfectly legal for any person to orchestrate the most massive privacy invasion imaginable.

You can hire a PI to find out anything about the private activities, sexual or otherwise, of any other person — with photographic and/or video evidence if it can be obtained — as long as your snoop stays onside with the laws of trespass (which have been made largely redundant by telephoto lenses anyway).

Pls call these sorts of cases "domestics." They're an increasingly lucrative stamping ground for investigators in the Nineties, for two reasons: the AIDS scare, which adds fuel to the fires of suspicious minds, and the economic recession, which has spawned a new generation of slick conmen anxious to relieve lonely women of their life's savings. Frank Monte, the controversial doyen of Sydney PIs who used to operate mainly in high-tech corporate security work, reckons 80 percent of the cases he handles these days are domestics of some sort.

Despite their financial attractions, most PIs don't like doing domestics because they often leave nobody happy. If the required evidence, usually of sexual infidelity, is not unearthed, the client thinks he's been ripped off; if it is, the client doesn't want to believe it and usually *won't* believe it unless there are pictures or videos that tell the story. But Paul Duggan of CID Services has made a specialty of domestics. You could call his outfit The Pinkerton's Of Passion. Last February, Sydney radio station 2GB ran this ad: "Nobody enjoys discord in marital affairs, but to prevent further injury it's sometimes

necessary to employ the services of a reputable private enquiry agent. CID Services have operatives in Family Law matters who can discreetly conduct photographic and video surveillance . . . It's best to *know* . . . For peace of mind, call CID Services."

As far as anyone can remember, that was the first time a private dick has dangled his wares in the electronic media in Australia. (Duggan: "I got two good domestics out of it, and two crazies.") There will be more ads soon, both on radio and television. Ironically, this development has come precisely 100 years after two American lawyers, one of whom later became a Supreme Court judge, wrote a paper in which they invented the concept of "the Right to Privacy."

In the centenary year of the Right to Privacy, that concept is still not formally enshrined in Australian or British law. There are now stringent laws setting out the

"The real problem for women is being found when they're hiding from their husbands. It's something that happens every day."

exact circumstances under which we can secretly *listen* to other people's conversations; for ordinary citizens who don't live in the ACT, under recent Federal and state legislation that effectively means never. (And "ordinary citizens" includes private dicks, who might be known as "rent-a-cops" but who have no more rights in that respect than you or I.) But there are no equivalent laws regulating the way we can *watch* and *film* what other people are doing without their permission. If Jackie Onassis and the Princess of Wales, with all their resources, can't win a legal battle against sleazebag *paparazzi*, the average person has got no hope in a courtroom showdown with a private dick.

According to Beverley Schurr, Secretary of the Australian Council for Civil Liberties, "The situation is outrageous. It's obviously inconsistent — and filming is obviously so much more a breach of privacy than bugging." Of the CID advertisement, she says: "Basically I think they're appealing to people who may be emotionally or mentally unstable."

Paul Duggan, who at 24 looks far too fresh and innocent for the PI game but is

already a seasoned snooper and a class act, counters with this: "People think doing domestics is disgusting and sleazy. I look at it this way: if you're *wondering* if your spouse is playing up, and *wondering* what to do about it, wouldn't you like someone to be able to find out and tell you the truth?"

Duggan refers to a case on his files which he reckons illuminates the ethical issues. "The client was the wife of a solicitor who was on with a prostitute. (I've looked into more solicitors at the request of their wives than any other profession; they apparently play up the most.) Anyway, the client's daughter came into the office and said she knew her mother had hired me, she knew what her father was doing, but if I gave an accurate report to her mother it would destroy the family because Dad was a high member of the church, a partner in such and such a legal firm, and so on. There were tears across the desk, as usual. But I'd been given money. What did she want me to do — keep it and tell her mother lies? Give it back? She was offering me money to provide a false report. I gave her mother an accurate account of what the solicitor was up to. And I said to the daughter: 'Don't you think your mother has the right to *know*?'"

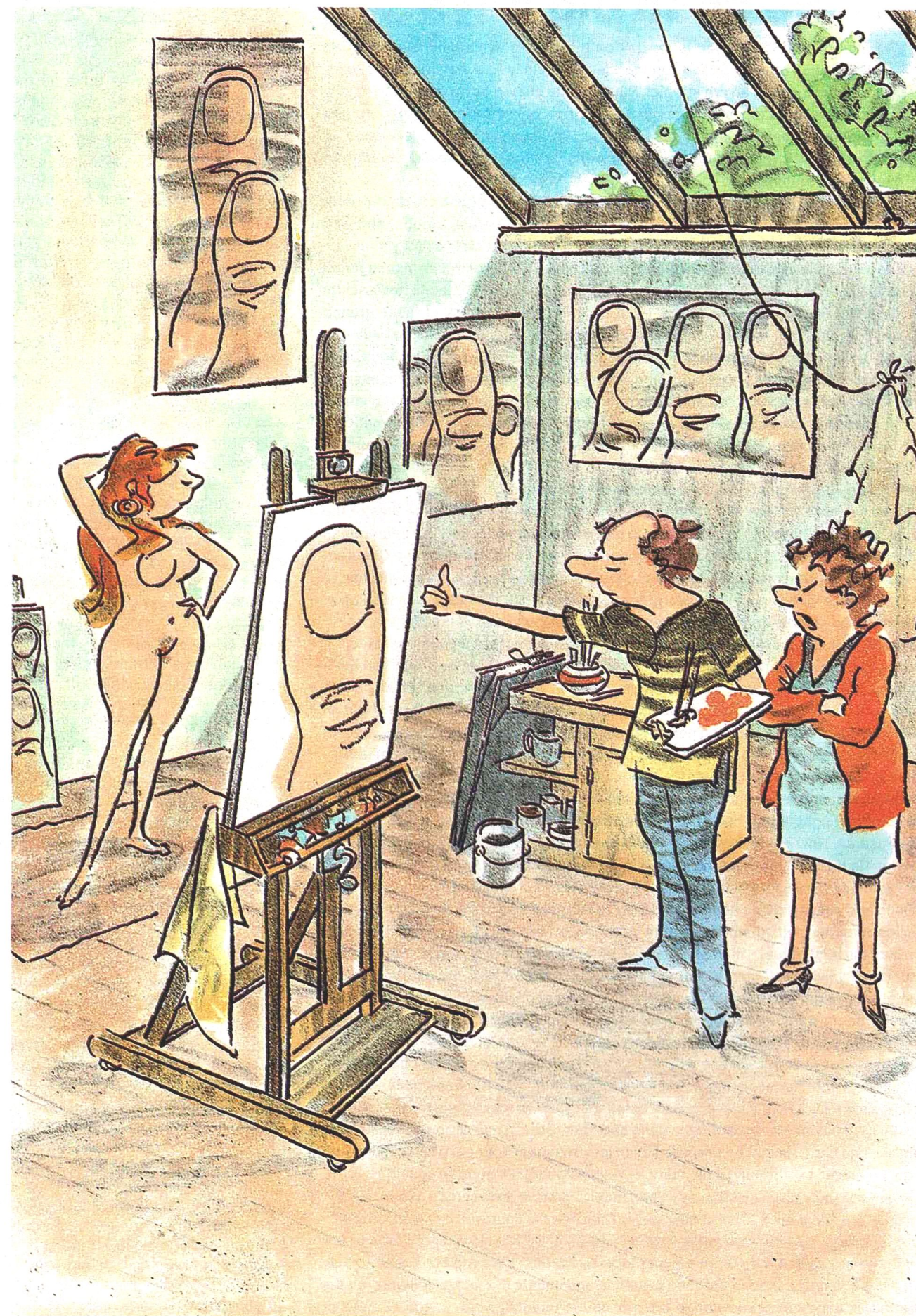
So there it is: the Right to Privacy versus the Right to Know. At what point do the merits of one outweigh those of the other? The private investigator decides. In a sense, he plays God — or at least, judge and jury.

Here's where Paul Duggan draws the line: "There was a guy who'd been to the Eros Cinema [a Sydney strip show], liked what he saw, and wanted to know if I would go there with a description of a particular girl, wait till knock-off time and follow her home so he could find out her address. He wanted to meet her. I asked all the appropriate questions — why did he want to do this? — and he was sounding too suss. It wasn't worth the \$500 to me to get involved in that case."

But Duggan did accept this assignment: "A guy had met and fallen in love with this woman, who was living in a de facto relationship. He knew her home address but obviously he couldn't go to her house and chat her up, nor could he ring her at home, so he wanted me to follow her from home to work so he could find out where she worked, then get her business number and ask her out."

A simple decision, but one obviously fraught with danger and difficulty. A smart operator, Duggan covers his own arse: "An investigator has a duty of care — and not too many of them know that. I put a clause in all my contracts: 'Do you intend to do this person any harm?' — but that's just my thing. It's not required at all."

Let's get one thing clear: loons are a dime a dozen among the domestic clientele of PIs. Warren Mallard, Director of the



"It's finally happened, Harry! The hemispheres of your brain have drifted apart!"

The good old days

January 5, 1976 is a red-letter day on the private eye's calendar as far as domestics are concerned. On that day the Family Law Act came into operation and ended an era in which PIs regularly busted down doors and hastily snapped off shots of couples *in flagrante delicto* while fending off outraged blokes in various states of undress. Pre-Family Law Act, evidence of adultery was automatic grounds for divorce; now it's "irretrievable breakdown of marriage" over a 12-month period.

There are plenty of PIs still operating who fondly remember the good old days before the advent of pesky Privacy Committees and nagging Civil Liberties groups, and who firmly hold the view that Lionel Murphy's legislation destroyed society as they knew it.

Raymon Millanta is an example. He runs an outfit called Allied Australian Investigation And Mercantile in Sydney's Pitt Street. You enter his office via one of those ancient lifts which the driver has to manually stop at each floor — "Not too many of these around nowadays," he informs — and behind the enormous rectangular desk sits Millanta: pencil-thin moustache, well-developed paunch, ring-encrusted fingers, ubiquitous cigarette. The decor consists of crusty black and white photos of mums and grandmums and Millanta with Joh Bjelke-Petersen and Millanta with Barrie Unsworth; a cabinet displaying primitive tools of the trade; various artefacts from Millanta's 38 years of international adventurism as a private dick; and the boss's offside of 30 years, Joe, a Jimmy Durante lookalike only with sadder, more doleful eyes.

Raymon and Joe did plenty of adultery jobs in the good old days. Millanta: "We used to sometimes do three a night. We used to get through winter skylights, take tiles of the roof, use ladders — anything to catch them in a compromising position. The cameraman had the worst job, because they'd always go for him first. I was known as the Concrete Kid — I was on the concrete that often. I'd probably drop dead of a heart attack if I had to kick another door in. It wasn't particularly kosher — but when the judge was looking at the photos in the divorce court, he'd never say: 'How were these obtained?'"

Every one of these jobs was technically a case of trespass, but as Joe observes, "It doesn't surprise me that judges didn't ask questions. If you were in bed with someone else's missus, humping away, and someone came in and caught you, most people would think it was a fair cop. Sure, some people got pretty violent, but we'd just hold on to them. You'd find yourself holding naked bodies all the time, and unfortunately, most of the time it was men. And if you copped a couple of punches, you were getting paid."

Millanta: "Sure, they were bad days — but it wasn't as bad as what's going on now. It was a deterrent, and a good deterrent. Nowadays it's just open slather. When I was a young man, an engagement ring on a woman meant a no-go area, and a wedding ring was sacrosanct. Now every moral structure's been broken down. You can divorce your parents at 12; there's no parental control; single girls are encouraged to have children outside wedlock . . . Gough Whitlam was the architect of the whole lot."

Raymon and Joe still do domestics, and they're still prepared to put their aging bodies on the line in tandem with their olde worlde moral code. Millanta: "Sometimes the oldest violins play the best tunes." These gentlemen certainly don't lack courage. Joe recalls a recent case involving a female client who had a retarded 16-year-old daughter. "She was an attractive girl and she got involved with a gang of bikies who carted her off and ensconced her in a flat at Bondi. Her mother was frantic. She appealed to Youth and Community Services, and they weren't interested — she was at an age where they'll support her to leave home. So she's in this dive at Bondi and they weren't playing Chinese Checkers with her every night. We were prepared to take her back under any circumstances. We got into the place, we accosted them and we gave them the message."

Two old men physically threatened a gang of bikies? Joe: "They weren't keen to have trouble. People like us might be prepared to do lots of things. Younger people might not. If we get involved in something a bit nasty — well, no doubt it'll happen again."

An enigmatic smile plays on Millanta's florid face: "What we do is spread a form of Christianity. We told them the evil of their ways. They saw the light and they were saved."

Warren Mallard of Lyonswood insists that PIs are not operating in a grey area of law where the reality is that they often act as moral arbitrators: "We are not asked to play God at all. We're only asked to produce evidence and collate the facts." Millanta, on the other hand, is happy to acknowledge his role as a crusading white knight in a sea of darkness: "There is a heavy moral responsibility on private investigators, but most people don't recognise that. If it wasn't for men and women like ourselves, things would be a lot worse."

every move

Sydney-based Lyonswood Investigations, reckons there are some classic cases on the company's files — such as the guy who wanted to kill his psychiatrist because he thought the shrink was poisoning him with an hallucinatory drug (which might actually seem feasible these days, but wasn't), and who requested that Mallard attend one of the appointments armed with a gun. Then there was the case of a man who'd been charged with arson, claimed he'd been framed by police, and wanted Lyonswood to investigate all aspects of the case so he'd be forearmed in court. "So we did the investigation," Mallard recalls, "and it led along exactly the same path as the police had followed — in fact, even more conclusively — and we wrote in our report to the client: 'YOU DID IT.' He got jailed and we never got paid for that one."

Some large, established outfits like Lyonswood can afford to turn down domestic investigations where the client will obviously only be aggravated by what he learns. To be fair, Mallard is undoubtedly a scrupulous operator and he reckons a lot of the time he acts as an unpaid counselor. Still, you don't need a PhD to observe that there are enormous moral and ethical issues here — issues rarely touched on in the voluminous literature pumped out by the various state Privacy Committees and by the Law Reform Commission. On a prosaic level, the most pressing is the physical safety of women. Beverley Schurr: "The real problem for women is being found when they're hiding from their husbands. It's something that happens every day. PIs do that sort of job, and often they do it by breaking the law — mostly by bribing contacts in various government agencies, usually the Department of Social Security. They have no right of access to those files."

More on the dirty tricks of private dicks later. But if you want cases on the public record where a PI's investigations led to some sort of violence, you won't get them. Although Paul Duggan, like every other investigator, has been to court numerous times to testify on insurance fraud and corporate security matters, he has never been to court in a domestic case. Domestics are by definition private affairs; men and women hire PIs because they don't want cops, courts and reporters involved in their embarrassing melees on the home front. How would we ever know how much strife actually results from the expert visual surveillance industry?

Ethnic groups form a big part of the domestic clientele for PIs. Paul Duggan gets a lot of Chinese parents who want to check on the sexual proclivities of prospective sons-in-law, and derives a healthy income from Greek husbands who want spot surveillance on their wives when

they have to go out of town. The stakes in these cases can get very high; as Raymon Millanta, a crusty Sydney PI of the old school, told *Penthouse*: "In some of the home countries of these people, they get stoned to death in the marketplace for adultery — and they don't change their ways when they get here. The Lebanese and Maltese are very much into it."

Most of the time, a PI never finds out what havoc, if any, his investigations may have wrought. Here's another case from the files of Warren Mallard at Lyonswood: "We had a case where a woman believed her husband was screwing her sister. The family, which was of ethnic origin, wouldn't believe her; they believed the husband and blamed her constantly. We followed her husband and her sister to a beach, where he screwed her on the rocks. We filmed the whole thing. She demanded to have that film so she could show it at a family get-together. We assessed her and we didn't think she was a violent person; we were more concerned about whether she was going to get the shit beaten out of her, and we strongly advised her against doing it. But she was legally entitled to that film; she'd enlisted our services, she'd paid for the film, and she wanted it. We gave it to her. I can imagine what resulted . . ." But Mallard doesn't know what resulted. PIs don't get paid to find out.

(He does, however, know what can result when the PI's cover is blown. This is how it happens: anyone can go to a motor registry with a rego number and pay four bucks to find out the name and address of that car's owner. This provision exists mainly to allow motorists to track down nasty chaps who've bashed into them and bolted. However, there have been several documented cases of hoons spotting pretty girls in cars and finding out their addresses, for nefarious purposes, via the motor registry. So another provision was added: whenever an inquiry is made, the person being inquired of receives a letter giving the name and address of the person on their trail. Mallard: "Now, as a result of that provision, we've just had two of our own investigators bashed. I can make a legal inquiry and my life's at risk. *What about the rights of PIs?*")

In just about all domestic cases the client is in a state of high anxiety and not thinking rationally. Paul Duggan: "I've found time and again that when a guy thinks his wife is playing up, it's never with the person he thinks it will be. For example, one guy paid me extra money so he could sit in the back of the car and watch the surveillance. His wife was driving a car, following a man in another car, and we were following her. They got to the destination and when the man got out, my client in the back went absolutely crazy, screaming: 'He's a fat, lazy slob on 25 grand a year. I make five times that. What the fuck's she going out with him for?'"

In fact, a lot of Duggan's clients ask that

they be allowed to witness the surveillance and hopefully catch the culprits in the act, but the above experience convinced him that's just asking for trouble: "It was a mistake. It won't happen again." Other PIs disagree. Warren Mallard: "I wouldn't consider that unethical and quite often we allow it, because often these acts happen at night, so it's not possible to get photos or videos. You can say to the client, 'Yes, we followed your husband to this place and yes, this woman gave him a headjob in the front of the car.' When she confronts her husband, he tells her it's all bullshit: 'Have they got photos?' They lie, lie, lie. But if it was going to lead to violence, we'd intervene. We wouldn't stand by while somebody got a beating."

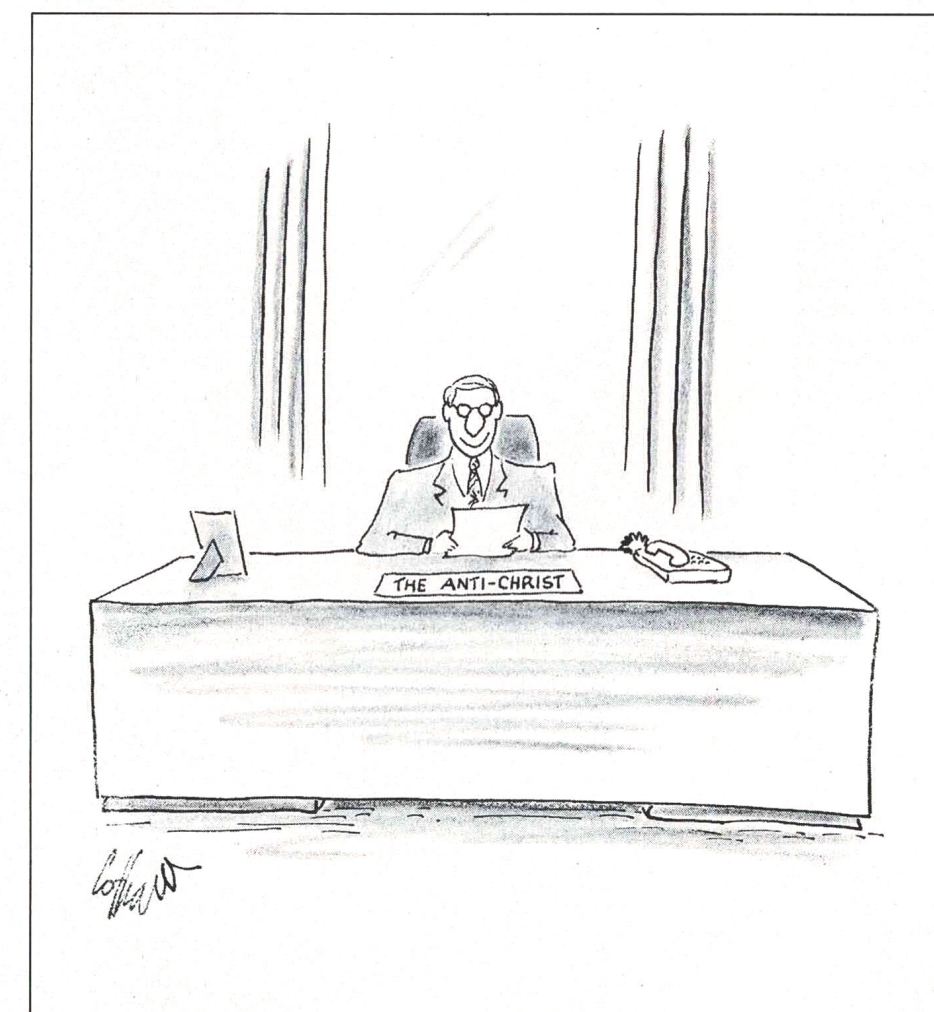
In any case, potential violence isn't the only issue at stake. Let's get a bit philosophical here. These days, there's no argument against a suspicious woman hiring a PI to find out if her lover or intended lover is a closet bisexual or IV drug user. The Right to Know could mean the difference between life and death. (In a recent US case, a woman had three potential lovers investigated; two of them did turn out to be closet queens, and the third, who was straight, found out about the snooping and dumped her. But at least she didn't end up with AIDS.) Similarly, if a woman suspects her man is visiting prostitutes, and he's the type who reckons condoms are the equivalent of showering

in a raincoat, she's entitled to know. And the "missing persons" side of domestic work, where there are genuine cases not involving women who want to lie low from their husbands, is clearly fair enough. The cops in most cases just haven't got the manpower to do much more than throw around a set of photos.

But let's say that you — the ordinary, non-violent, reasonable chap that you are — happen to develop a sexual obsession with the woman who works down the corridor. Why should you have the legal right to hire a professional to find out where she lives, how she leads her life, who she sleeps with, how many she sleeps with, and so on until you run out of money?

Or let's say you're a married man, or a married woman, and you're feeling that stirring in the loins that indicates the onset of the old seven-year itch. You want to scratch it. You will be discreet. You have no wish to harm anyone, least of all your spouse. After all, we're only on the planet for three score and ten, and right now it's the season of rising sap. And, you reason conveniently, it might even put a bit of sizzle back into the sausage and spark up a flagging relationship. Forget about morality for a minute; from a privacy point of view, shouldn't you be entitled to make this decision and act on it on the basis that you could not be expertly tailed by a pro-

Continued on page 96





ROCCO AND AMY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

After they had been looking at apartments for weeks, Rocco found a certain hilltop condo with a great view of LA. Amy hadn't been planning on buying, but as soon as they walked in, she knew that this was it. Even without furnishings, the apartment was perfect. Amy couldn't resist making an offer.







With the deal-making finally out of the way, Amy and Rocco could at last tend to the real business at hand. They both agreed on the true test of any new home: whether or not the sheer space could inspire their particular brand of uninhibited *tere-a-tete*.



FIRST blood

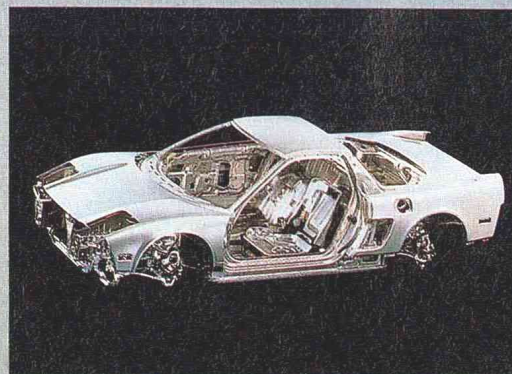
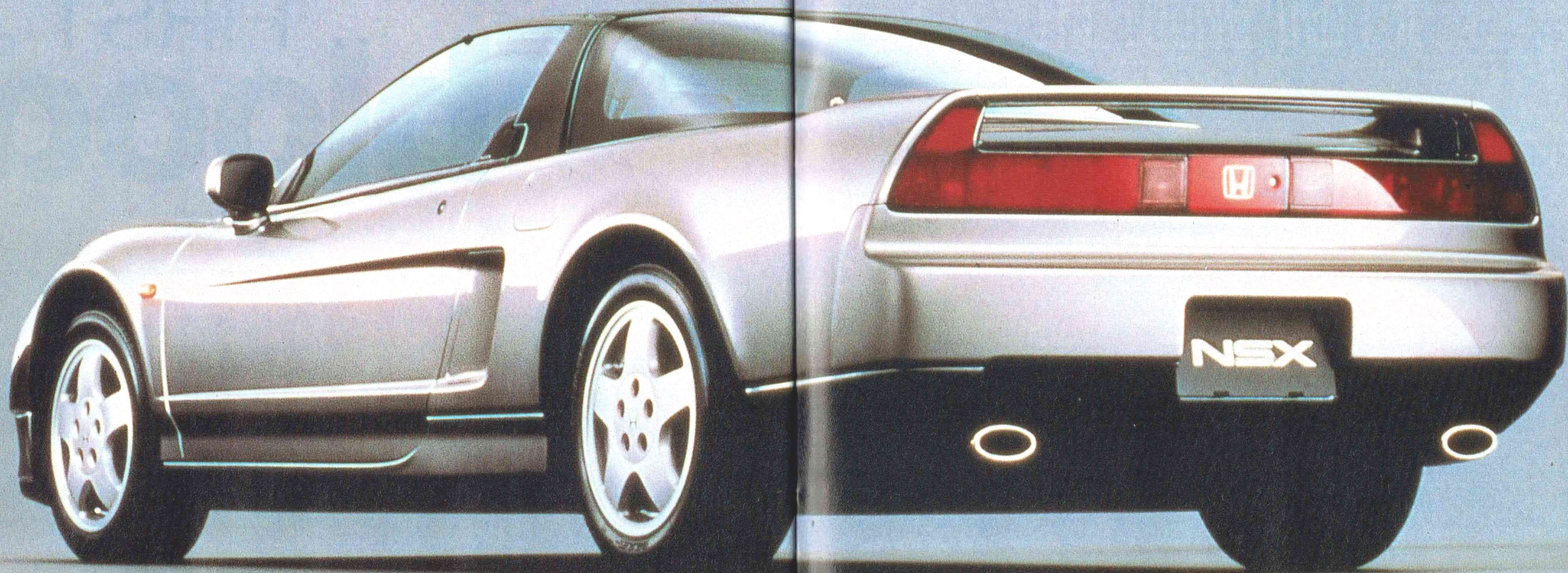
**Japan's first
supercar, the
gorgeous Honda
NSX, is sending
stabbing pains
through the
hearts of
Europe's elite
manufacturers**

BY PETER McKAY

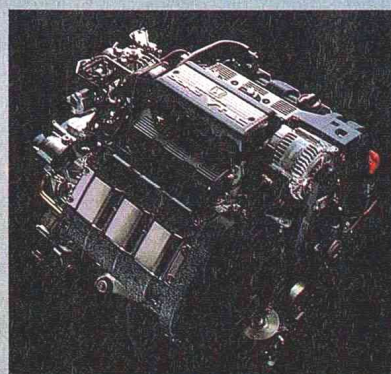
Spoiling for a fight with Ferrari, Honda's (and Japan's) first genuine supercar, the exquisite new NSX, has zoomed into Australia, confirming that Europeans no longer hold a mortgage on the market for four-wheeled exotics.

Despite Japan's impressive record in taking aim at, and then conquering, new markets, and in the face of Honda's grand record in Formula One racing, there are still disbelievers who say the Europeans cannot be beaten at this high-class game. Make no mistake, though. The NSX is not merely a stylish facade disguising honest but humble engineering, but a dynamic *tour de force*, a total driving package cloaked in elegant aluminium clobber. There's a handy mix of traditional sportscar values and New Age Honda-tech. It does everything a Ferrari 348 can do — maybe a little more.





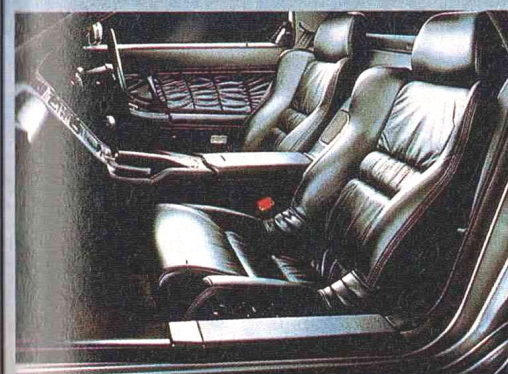
The body beautiful . . . lightweight aluminium is used in the NSX in the interests of an improved power-to-weight ratio.



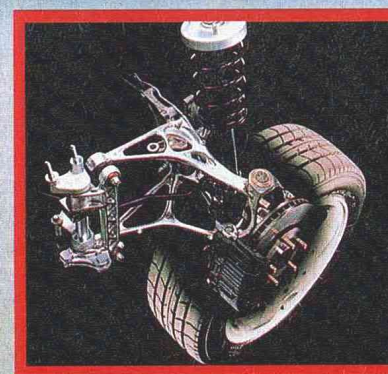
All-alloy 3.0-litre overhead cam VTEC V6 engine delivers 201 kW at 7300rpm, singing like a bird all the while.



Interior beckons with comfort and ergonomic levels that the Italians and even the Germans have failed to reach with their supercars.



User-friendly cockpit is trimmed in leather (and synthetic leather in parts) and offers a litany of luxuries including air, Bose sound, cruise control . . .



Forged aluminium suspension corner is a work of art that works — form and function. "Independent all-round, double wishbone with coils" is the technical description.



The NSX is Japan's finest sports car, and the priciest automobile yet from the Land of the Rising Sun. But will it attract customers from the Euro marques?

first blood

But does it have character? It's the question the devotees of the scarlet cars of Maranello ask frequently when any pretender emerges to take a tilt at the supercar crown. Obviously Honda doesn't possess the glorious history of Ferrari, although it has been in existence almost as long.

Honda's return to Formula One in 1983 was precipitated by an urgent need to broaden its profile and reputation amongst more than just the cognoscenti. It worked. Ask a 20-year-old today who has the greater status in motor racing, Honda or Ferrari, and odds on he'll nominate the former.

The NSX project was inspired by Honda's participation in Formula One racing. Any self-doubts that Honda could design and

build a world-class sports car were swept aside by its F1 triumphs. Clearly, racing not only improves the breed but it also creates marvellous new road cars.

Of course, Honda isn't exactly new to making sports cars. After all, its unpretentious beginnings as a car manufacturer began in 1963 with the tiny S500, an open-top roadster. But this simple little car was a far cry from taking on a citadel like Ferrari,

which, regardless of its flaws, is nevertheless protected by the most ferociously loyal group of worshippers on Earth.

Project NSX got underway using many engineers who'd worked on the Honda Formula One engine. Their brief was to produce an exotic sports car to enhance driving pleasure. Not only did it have to excite the people visually, it would also have to stimulate the senses when the driver slipped be-

hind the wheel. In other words, the NSX had to project an unmistakable aura.

These were the guiding principles as the team set about conceiving a lightweight two-seater with midships engine location. In the interests of weight-saving, aluminium body and chassis were essential.

And so Honda's Ferrari-basher evolved from drawing board to production. A modern new \$100 million factory — dedicated to the

NSX — shot up in 11 months adjacent to Honda's Tochigi proving ground. In auto folklore, will Tochigi one day be as famous as Maranello? The 230 employees (hand-picked, incidentally, and with at least ten years' service) at Tochigi produce just 25 NSXs daily. The finished product is a work of art: flawless, with paintwork you can stare deeply into, like a crystal ball. Panel fit is immaculate. The suspension, from forged and

first blood

cast aluminium, is better than a trip through the sculpture section at the Museum of Modern Art. And, for good measure, after a rigorous visual inspection, every car does at least one hot lap of the nearby four-kilometre speed bowl before heading off to the showroom.

In the USA, where it sells under the Acura nameplate, the NSX is selling for tens of thousands above list price. Tellingly, in Italy, the spiritual home of many of the world's venerated supercars, the first year's allocation of 60 was sold six months before the launch date.

In Australia, like a comet from the eastern

skies, the Honda NSX has brightened our New Year. Honda Australia hopes to sell 200 annually. Pre-launch orders amounted to 70, although it is easily the most expensive Japanese car sold here. Ah, yes, says Honda, but it is many thousands below Ferrari. *True, but does it have character; does it possess a personality?*

Goddamn, what we have here is a sweet-looking slingshot with, directly behind the driver's ear, a sizzling V6 3.0-litre quad cam that'll launch the NSX from zero to 100 km/h in 5.6 seconds — exactly the time the 3.4-litre V8-engined Ferrari 348 takes. With a gorgeous burble from the exhaust, the Honda blasts across the standing 400 metres in a swift 13.9 seconds, shading the Italian job by 0.1sec.

What the figures fail to reveal is the manner of execution. Unlike the temperamental Ferrari, Honda has built user-friendliness into the NSX. It is a high-performance brute, tamed. Motorists with no special skills can jump aboard, light the fuse, and live to tell the tale. To drive a Ferrari, on the other hand, requires the patience of Job and the skill of Prost. Boring the NSX surely isn't, although perhaps it lacks the animal magnetism of the thoroughbreds out of Europe. Or is it simply that Honda engineers have taken the process of refinement several steps further?

The expert driver will know that mid-engined cars have both benefits and disadvantages in handling and grip. Firstly, the limits are higher than for regular designs. But once the adventurous driver transgresses that limit in the NSX, lo and behold — the real class of the car emerges.

Belting around Honda's twisting handling course at Tochigi (the Japanese are rightly reluctant to let loose visiting journalists on public roads for fear of terrorising the locals) the sheer competence of the NSX's chassis was evident.

Brilliantly stable, and therefore relaxing to drive swiftly, it doesn't intimidate or torment the driver. Rough use of the throttle doesn't send it into a tyre-melting frenzy, unless you're up on the ragged edge, when you could find yourself checking out the rear-view mirror for your ultimate resting place. A traction control system (with a dash-mounted on-off switch) overcomes the problem of too much power on a slippery road. Also, pound the brakes suddenly in a corner and the NSX will not threaten to swap ends; instead the ABS system will, without fuss, bring the missile to a halt.

The 201kW all-alloy engine, with the Honda patented VTEC variable valve timing system, is wondrously smooth, with nary the hint of a splutter or cough through the rev range to 8000. Steering on the manual gearbox model is not power-assisted. It doesn't much matter, for it is quite effortless to use once the NSX is moving. The interior, inspired by the cockpit of an F16 fighter plane and trimmed in black leather, is functional and tasteful with plenty of adjustments to seats and steering to suit all statures.

But, really now, is it a car for conformists, or does it reveal verve and spirit? Does it make the driver sing? Does it have a personality? Ah, guess not. For the Honda NSX fires into life at the first twist of the key, the cabin comfortably accommodates folk of different physiques, it doesn't disgorge the contents of its sumps all over the garage floor, the gearbox is a delight to play with, the clutch doesn't feel like it's welded to the floor, rear vision is not impaired by a design compromise, the steering doesn't turn the driver into a perspiring pumper of iron, controls and switches are logically located...

No, the NSX doesn't have the character of some supercars. It's something of an oddity, though: an exotic that behaves like it doesn't hate its owner. 

The Eastern Phoenix

From the ashes of Hiroshima and Nagasaki to the creation of the Honda NSX supercar took 45 years. A mere blink of the eye.

We've seen a remarkable turnaround by the Japanese after the devastation of World War II. In fact Japan's territorial push into the global automotive scene began in earnest only in the Sixties. In less than two decades, Japan had climbed off the floor to annex the motorcycle industry from Europe. Honda, Yamaha and Suzuki banished the British industry into oblivion.

Encouraged, Japan began to produce small economy cars, copies of the best of British. The rest of the world at first smiled at the clumsy attempts of Toyota and Datsun, but when the laughter tears had dried... ouch — Japan was making the best and cheapest small cars anywhere: nifty little numbers like the Honda Civic and Mazda 323. Stylish, efficient, reliable. So they started making bigger cars, like the Toyota Cressida and Honda Legend, and sports cars, exemplified by the Datsun 240Z and more recently the Mazda MX-5 and Nissan 300ZX.

Along the way, Honda's Formula One racing engines began whipping Porsche and Ferrari en route to winning the last five F1 constructors' titles and four drivers' championships. Then Mitsubishi dazzled with its hi-tech four-wheel-steer/four-wheel-drive turbo Galant GT-4, and Toyota came up with a brilliant turbo-diesel LandCruiser, a vehicle that gobbles up the more expensive Range Rover. And still the razzle dazzle continued.

Japan had demonstrated it was no longer a nation of copyists. There was a technological and design boldness in its product, complementing the incomparable standards of construction and finish. The arrival of the stunning Toyota Tarago (or Previa) showed that Japan leads the world in the people-mover market. Next came the unthinkable: a genuine luxury car contender from Toyota called the Lexus LS400. The critics raved while Benz and BMW shuddered. At its first real try, Toyota had created a machine comparable to cars carrying the two greatest names in prestige motoring. Of course, it has not yet crushed its very worthwhile opposition (and may never do so). The Lexus badge certainly doesn't have the cachet of a three-pointed star, but there is no doubting the quality of the product.

Only the stupid or naive now believe there is a limit to the automotive fields Japan can conquer. Few (and most of the disbelievers live in Detroit) don't endorse Toyota's forecast that it will overhaul General Motors as the world's most prolific vehicle maker by the turn of the century.

Australians, more than any other people on Earth, have succumbed to the appeal of Japanese vehicles. Around 70 percent of all motor vehicles sold here have origins in Japan. Of the mainstream sellers in Oz, only the indigenous Ford Falcon and the Euro-designed Holden Commodore avoid the Eastern connection.

With Lexus invading the last of the mainstream vehicle markets, the only European bastion left was the small but exalted supercar sector arrogantly and consummately dominated by the Italians (Ferrari and Lamborghini) and Germans (Porsche). Surely here, where tradition, heritage and image are easily as important as mere metal and plastic, the Japanese wouldn't dare mount an invasion?

Too late. They have already. And the weapon is superb. The sobering reality for Europe is that this is just the start. Toyota and Nissan also have supercars on the launch pad.

THE YOUNG AND THE TASTELESS

In the murky past of many a megacool rock star lies a fresh-faced geek in crushed velvet flares

No matter how sensational, stylish and mega-trendy the star, you can bet your bell bottoms that somewhere in his or her past was a time of embarrassing *uncool*. Very few stars, with the notable exception of Jason and Kylie, burst upon the world stage with a perfectly honed image. For every overnight sensation there are a hundred other performers who slog their way to the top, and find fame and fortune only after trying on and shedding numerous "skins", many of which are downright laughable when viewed in retrospect. A case in point, pictured below: when current Crowded House leader Neil Finn joined his big brother Tim in Split Enz in 1977, he must have thought he'd joined a circus by mistake. That's him, third from the left, rehearsing for the spot between the lion tamer and the high wire act. For others, celebrity is so long-lasting that the natural ravages of time (except in the case of Cliff Richard) make wince material of early publicity shots.

Whatever the situation, most stars cringe visibly when remnants of their humble beginnings are exhumed. Still, what's a few red faces compared to the greater pursuit of rock archaeology in the interest of public mirth?

BY GLENN A. BAKER

PHOTOS FROM THE GLENN A. BAKER ARCHIVES



TASTELESS



Energetic British rock group Vinegar Joe made three albums during 1972/73, none of which remotely set the charts alight. However, the unit was graced with two dynamic lead singers, who were known for the sexuality of their stage antics. One of those singers was **Robert Palmer**.

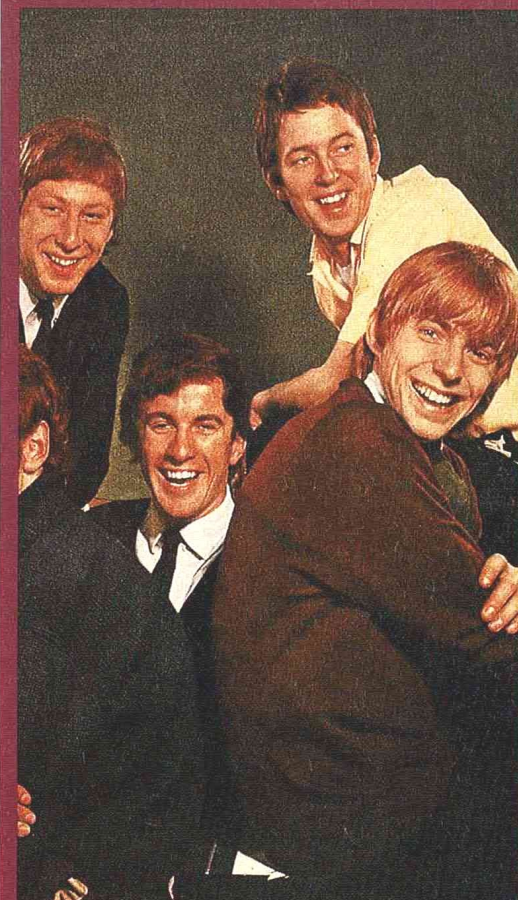
Angry Anderson may have come into the world as bald as he is now, but somewhere in between his cranium sprouted a few hairs. Back in the early Seventies, young Gary fronted Melbourne boogie band Buster Brown, complete with hair, and it was not until the formation of Rose Tattoo that he became a complete chrome dome. By the way, departed AC/DC drummer Phil Rudd is in there as well.



Few paths to superstardom were as pot-holed as that taken by **Rod Stewart**, the erstwhile Tartan Terror, who is believed to have played harmonica on Millie's "My Boy Lollipop" in 1964, before moving through one band after another, trying to happen on a lucky break. One of those outfits was The Jeff Beck Group (1968/69), which gave him his first chance to unleash on vinyl the full extent of that gravel-gargling voice. That's Rod with the goatee beard, with an extremely young Beck to his right.

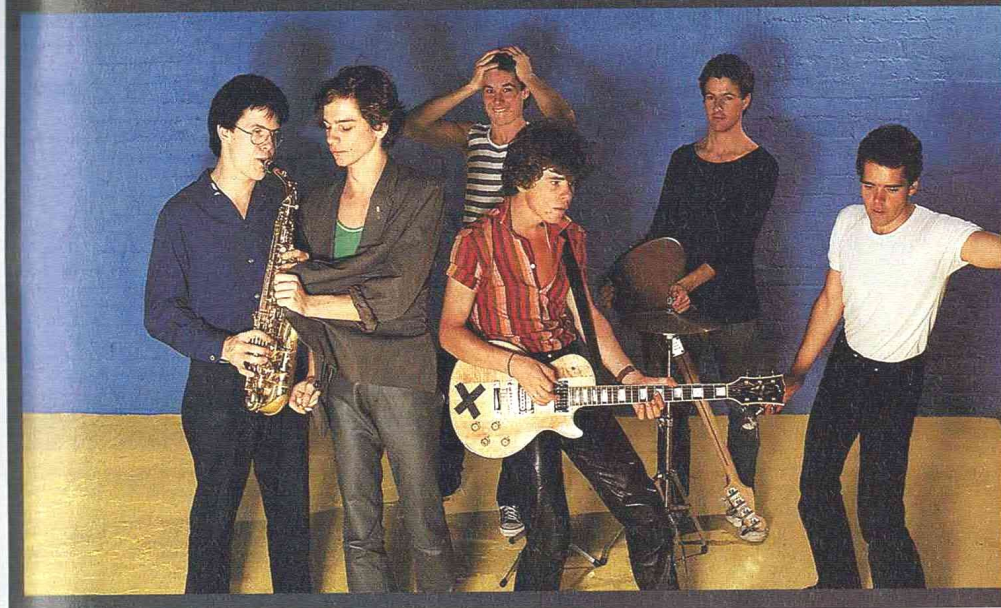


Eric "Slowhand" **Clapton** is perhaps the only rock star to have ever quit a band because he thought it was too successful. Just days before the release of "For Your Love" in 1965, Eric walked out of the Yardbirds, fearing that his blues purity was about to be tainted. After a stint with John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, he reached the conclusion that hits weren't so bad after all and formed Cream. That's Eric top right, in his final days with The Yardbirds.



Every bar band on New York's Long Island in 1968 wanted to become as famous as hometown heroes the Vanilla Fudge. None quite made it, although an outfit called The Hassles did manage to cut two albums. Their keyboard player, seen second from the right, called himself Billy Joe and later worked piano lounges under the name of Bill Martin. Today we know him as **Billy Joel**.

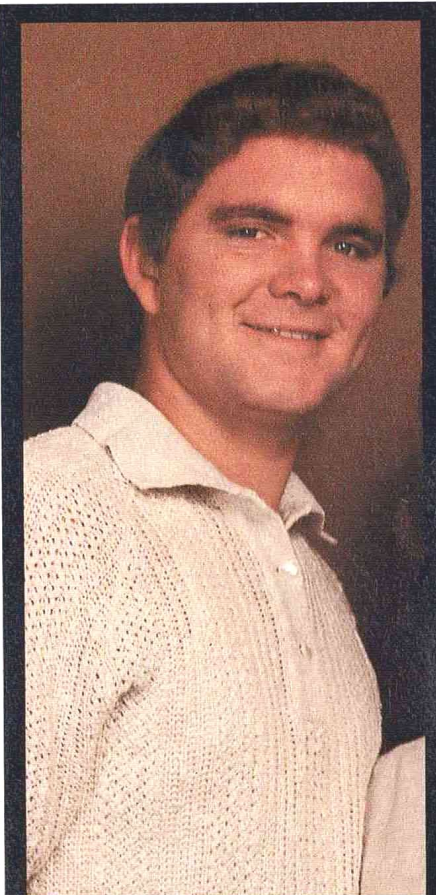
Almost a decade ago, the young **INXS** weren't the globe-trotting heartbreakers they are today. Freshly emerged from high school, Michael Hutchence and his comrades might have had their musical licks down but they still had the odd thing or two to learn about dress sense.



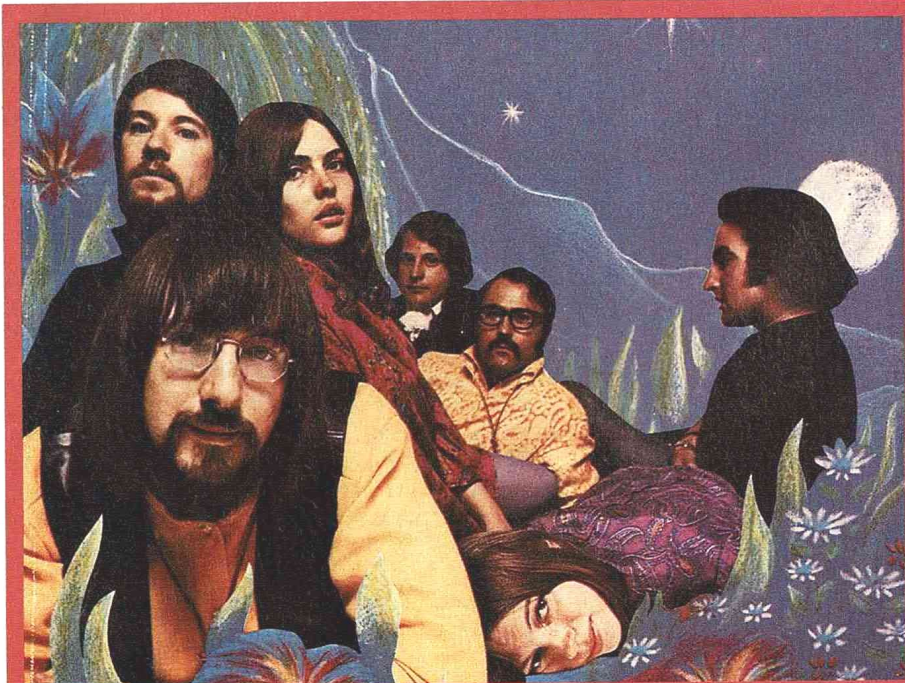
In 1965 the hottest band in Belfast, Northern Ireland was Them. After a frenzied residency at the rough Maritime Hotel they conquered London and then the world with "Here Comes The Night", "Mystic Eyes" and "Gloria." Lead singer **Van Morrison** (centre) has undergone many changes over the past quarter century but, by all reports, his temper is still as foul as it ever was.



The rasping voice of stylish rock belter **Doug Parkinson** has been part of our lives for so long that most of us have forgotten just how long. His first recording, in May 1966, was the single "Tomorrow I Meet You" by the Seekers soundalike group The A Sound, which comprised Parko, David Lee and two offspring of cricketer Sid Barnes — Sid Jnr and Helen.



The world came to know **Bon Scott** as a ferocious, tattooed, denim-clad rock wildman when he fronted AC/DC in the Seventies. However, the Sixties saw him in quite a different guise, complete with gossamer hair and red knitted jump suit, when he was leader of Perth bubblegum band The Valentines. That's him second from the left.



New York's Wind In The Willows quite plainly wanted to be the new Mamas & Papas but expired after one ignored album. Today the act is remembered only for launching the pre-peroxide career of later Blondie leader **Debbie Harry**, who is seen top left in all her brunette glory. She was also a Playboy club Bunny before finding rock fame.

travelling **LIGHT**



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

"When you're on the road you never know what's going to happen next!" says Sally-Anne Forrest, an 18-year-old itinerant. "I didn't know where to go, when I first arrived in Paris. But I met this fantastic guy in a coffee shop who invited me to stay in his apartment. I said, what the hell, I'd love to. And just look at it!"





"This is plenty of fun. You know, in a couple of weeks' time I'll be back on the bus with my backpack, heading for Athens. So I might as well make the most of a shot of luxury while I'm here.

We've got some plans for this evening, too — candlelight, wine, *paté de foie gras* and passion. It's a tough life!"





every move

Continued from page 71

fessional Peeping Tom armed with a telephoto lens?

When these questions are asked of PIs, they tend to respond by saying that if they didn't do the job, the client would do it themselves anyway; and that if a client, despite the closest scrutiny, turns out to be a vicious bastard, then as Warren Mallard puts it, "Whether we provide the information to him or whether he finds it out himself, it's not going to change the circumstances of his behavior at all — if he's that sort of person." All care and no responsibility.

But it's a shaky sort of argument. As Raymon Millanta observes, "Half the people in this business couldn't track an elephant in the snow." So what chance does that leave the ordinary person when it comes to visual surveillance of a partner or spouse? Apart from the fact that they know what you look like — a rather serious disadvantage in this game — what do you know about the arts and crafts of putting a tail on people? You wouldn't learn much from watching reruns of *Get Smart*. Before they can get a licence, PIs in NSW now have to do a one-year TAFE course which is largely devoted to those techniques. (Incidentally, the course contains not a single lecture on professional ethics.)

One of the main areas of instruction is in the use of "pretexts." That's where you pretend to be someone else — a courier, a company rep, a salesman — in order to get a finger closer to the pulse. Perfectly legal as long as you use fictitious company names and don't impersonate a government officer, but it wouldn't work too well on someone who knew you were not in fact a salesman but a spouse, would it? And what about, say, following a car? PIs use "bumper beepers" which emit radio signals that can be monitored when the going gets tough; they also don't make the simple mistakes Joe Public would — like parking in front of the car they want to follow, then easing out conspicuously from the kerb when the subject passes. They know how to conceal themselves outside a property, complying with the laws of trespass, and use telephoto lenses without being observed. If you reckon you could follow your nearest and dearest around for an entire day without them knowing, give it a spin. You'd have as much chance as a giraffe passing incognito into a rabbit burrow.

And so far we've only been talking about *legal* methods of surveillance. But does a client concern himself about legalities and ethics? What he wants is the lowdown, the info, and he couldn't give a rat's arse about how the PI gets it.

Paul Duggan is an ethical operator, but even he will admit that ethics can be made

malleable by money. "You can have two attitudes in this job. Either 'We get results' or 'We are paid to arrive and observe and take photos if possible and go home. If it happens, it happens; if it doesn't, it doesn't; and if we can't get the evidence by doing our normal line of business, bad luck. You pay for as many rolls of the dice as you want to.' But sometimes, if they're going to pay extra, it's understood that's for a *result* — and so you have to get the result."

Lyonswood has been the prime mover behind the establishment in December 1988 of the National Association of Investigators. This umbrella group is not, as you might suspect, just a publicity-generating front for Lyonswood Investigations and a platform for 21 Sydney outfits to present themselves in the phone book as squeaky clean; it's actually a genuine attempt to self-regulate, via a belated Code of Ethics, an industry which they admit has enjoyed

6
PIs doing
domestics are
in a beautiful
position to run
extortion
scams.

only a marginally better public image than the Pedophile Support Group. They can discipline or expel any of their members for breaching the Code of Ethics, and they'll happily dob in any other outfit if they know of a breach of the state's Commercial Agents And Private Inquiry Agents Act.

But as Jack Gibson would say, they've got themselves a tough assignment. The main problem is that the industry is populated by too many would-be Sam Spades who've watched too much of the wrong sort of television, with the result that there are thousands of PI agencies in NSW alone, most of them tiny backyard outfits based somewhere in the western suburbs of Sydney, all scrambling for a slice of the market. As Frank Monte has told *Penthouse*: "Most of these people are living on the wire. Of course they're not going to worry about ethics if they can get an actual job."

The scams are legion — far too numerous to fully document here. But when it comes to getting information in domestic cases, by far the biggest abuse is improper access to government files, es-

pecially Social Security, either by using bribes or calling in favors. Some PIs do it all the time. (In 1986 a PI who wrote an article for *Penthouse* called "Dirty Tricks" wanted to prove to me his bona fides by tracking someone down. I gave him the name of a girlfriend from 1970 and nothing more than her address at that time. Within five minutes he had the current address and a host of other details. His contact was in the then Department of Motor Transport.)

Bugging has become unfashionable, mainly because of the recent legislation and because it rarely produces cost-effective results anyway. But illegal pretexts are all the go. For example, have you ever wondered how you might conduct secret surveillance in a small country town where you can't even fart without it making news in the local pub? Easy. Pull up in a panel van and erect a Telecom tent. You can happily spy on the subject all day long without attracting a hint of suspicion.

And in terms of professional misconduct, PIs doing domestics are in a beautiful position to run extortion scams. There's simple overcharging, charging large upfront fees and withholding written reports until a further fee is forthcoming, and stringing out clients for more cash with the promise of a result down the track. More sinister is the PI who tells the subject he's investigating them, but he'll back off or issue a glowing report in return for, say, \$10,000. But, according to Mallard, "by far the most common thing in domestics is the failure to supply a report, and the subsequent threat from the PI that if the client won't cough up more money, he'll go and tell the other party they've been investigated."

Not hard to see how a less than angelic investigator could make a very large amount of cash out of domestics in a very short time — and, by the furtive and embarrassing nature of the whole business, get away with it. What can be done about this infernal business, with its monstrous invasions of privacy, serious potential to create violence, and fantastic opportunities for unscrupulous scumbags?

Probably not much. People have been snooping after their lovers since time immemorial, and there'll always be a demand for those who can do it better than you or I. Although personal surveillance is a major concern of privacy organisations, there seems to be an air of resignation among them.

The NSW Privacy Committee did make half a dozen recommendations to the Attorney-General's Department when the state's Commercial Agents And Private Inquiry Agents Act was amended in 1985, but only one of them, concerning undue harassment, was adopted and the rest remain confidential.

It's a dirty job, but someone's got to do it. And there'll always be someone who will. 

bodywork

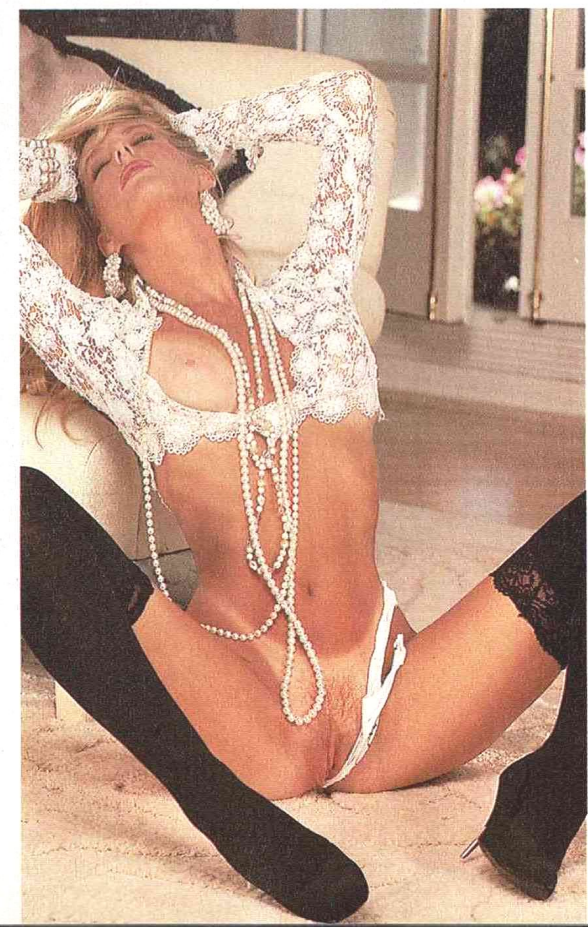
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

"I've always considered my body as art," says the infinitely elegant Roberta Kerr, who is a professional and much sought-after model. Roberta, 22, is pretty fussy about her assignments. "I will only work with photographers whose work I respect, and whom I can trust to do a good job."





"This particular shoot was enjoyable because everything — the surroundings, the clothes — were chosen to enhance the way I look. All the colors were limited to pastels, cream and black, which is unusual. So often photographers want me to pose in some tacky old set — purple sofas are the worst — and it doesn't do me any justice."



"I particularly enjoy doing nude work, because it allows the natural shape of my body to express itself. Of course, the way the photographer interprets it is the final touch. I like to think of myself as sculpture, or a painting that could be hung in a gallery. Perhaps that's narcissistic, but if you're a model, you have to like yourself, after all."







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A PLACE IN THE SUN

A sparkling turquoise pool, shady palms and California's beautiful Kelly Jackson, our sun-kissed Pet. Together they're as close to a perfect oasis as we've seen. "I get my strength from the sun," says Kelly.

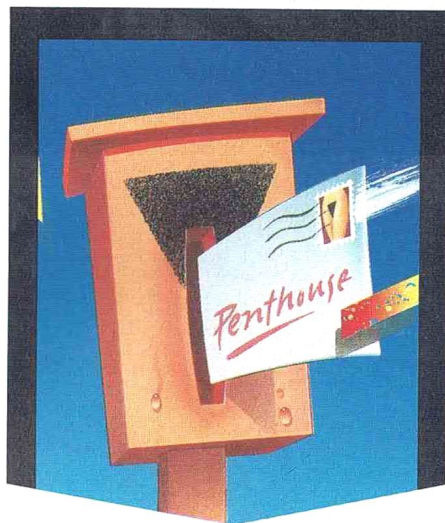
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

"But please don't think of me as one of those typical California girls," adds Kelly, who is Irish and American Indian. "I like to think of myself as quiet, moody and a little introspective. Not exactly a beach bunny, in other words!"



To balance a weakness for northern Italian food and margaritas, Kelly, 35-21-34, enjoys bicycling, weight lifting and horseback riding. "In fact," she says, "my favorite erotic fantasy is to go riding through grassy hills with the man I love, stop for a picnic and . . . well, you know the rest!"





forum

Continued from page 12

hope that I'd see him at the finish line the next day. I couldn't go home without at least a taste of those luscious lips.

I was adjusting the height of my bicycle seat at one of the rest stops the next day when he rode up behind me. He asked me why I was lowering my seat and I told him that I didn't want my hips to rock back and forth as I pedalled. He commented that he wouldn't mind watching my hips rock for a few miles, but I told him that there were better ways to get them rocking than on a bike! This took him by surprise, but he recovered and told the girl I had been riding

with that she shouldn't worry if she saw two bikes lying by the side of the road.

With that he and I mounted our bikes and rode off together. Just knowing he was right behind me was enough to make me hot, but I could hear him making appreciative noises as he watched my firm arse and thighs flexing with each pedal stroke. In no time, my crotch was moist with anticipation and I pedalled harder toward the finish line and a chance to be alone with him.

My chance came sooner than expected. A short time later, we were riding side by side chatting about cycling. I mentioned that I dreamed of becoming a world-class cyclist and that later, when I had won some big race, he could say that he knew me.

"I could say I did more than know you," he said hopefully.

"Yeah, you could," I replied.

"I could?"

"Definitely!"

"Well then," he said, "let's go." He pulled his bike off the road and I started to follow him, but realised that we needed a more secluded spot. We rode on, looking for the perfect place. We spotted a thicket of trees off to the side of the road and decided that that was as good a place as any. We dropped our bikes in the grass and followed a footpath along a creek deep into a glade. In no time our lips had melted together and our bodies were pressed hard against each other, dripping with sweat.

As I yanked off my jersey and sports bra, my full, round 36Cs tumbled out. His eyes bulged as he looked at them, but he quickly worked the nipples to sharp points with his fingertips. Then he pressed his mouth to my left breast while he caressed the other with his hand. The sensation of his warm soft tongue and lips on my sensitive nipple was incredible. He teased me unmercifully, making me gasp and writhe, before his lips once again met mine.

We struggled out of the remainder of our tight lycra cycling gear. Then he sat on the bank of the creek and pulled me down on top of him. As our tongues darted in and out of each other's mouths and I worked his cock with my hand, his thumb massaged my clitoris until I was soaking wet with desire.

I slowly mounted him. Holding his dick, I nudged it around the edges of my steaming cunt and jerked back and forward so that the beautiful, glossy head flicked over my clit. Then I took him in, feeling every red-hot inch of him as I wriggled downwards.

I used my powerful legs to slide up and down on his long, rigid cock while he playfully pulled on my nipples with his lips and tongue. I was gripping his taut, tanned shoulders as though I was drowning. He lifted his hips to meet me on the downstroke, thrusting deep inside my hot, juicy trap. We worked each other into a frenzy until our bodies convulsed. As we came in unison I could see the other cyclists riding past us beyond the trees. I laughed and thought, "Now this is riding with a passion!"

As I stood up to pull my shorts back on, I caught a devilish look in his eyes. He said, "I could be really mean. . ."

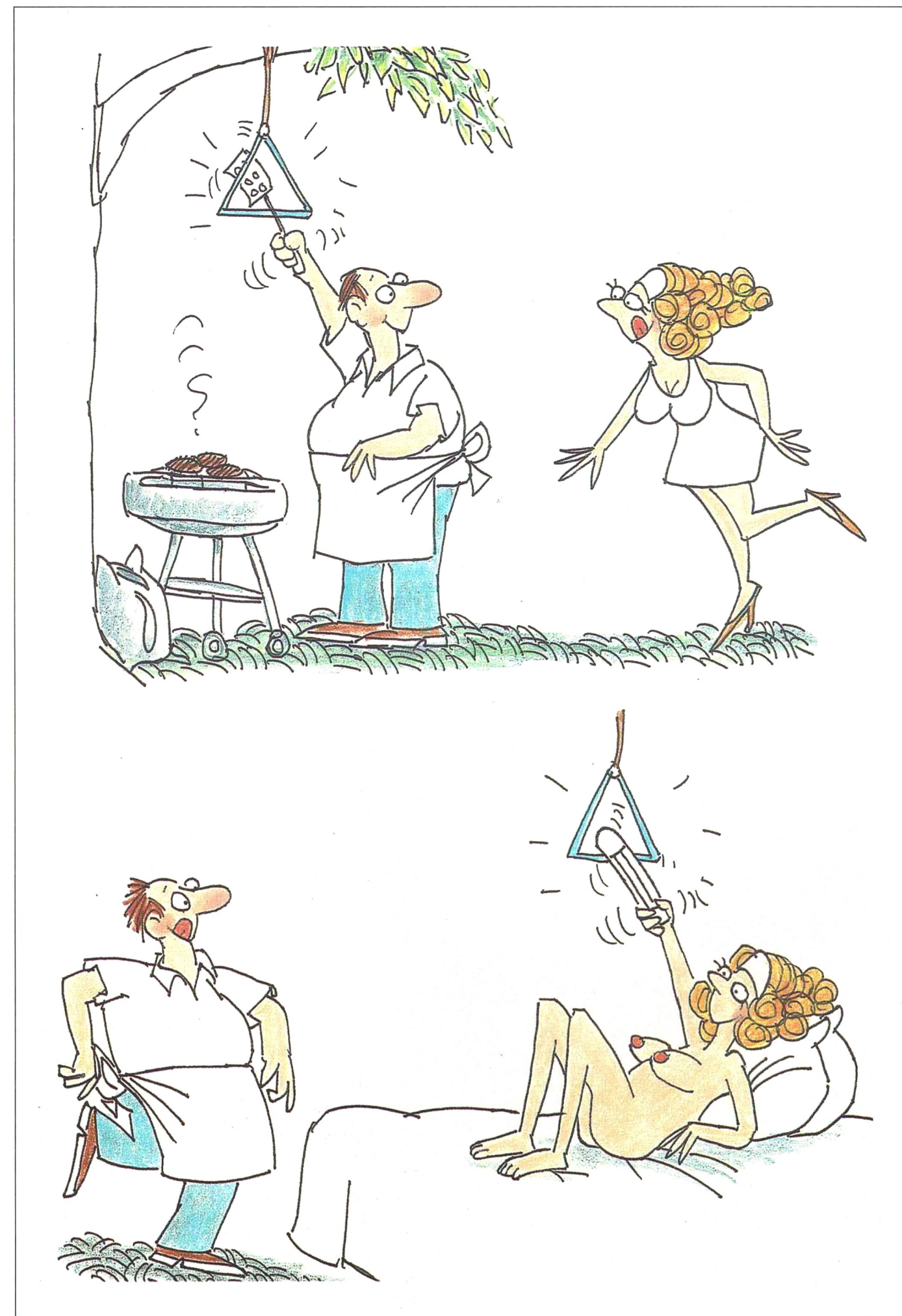
"So what's stopping you?" I asked. He buried his face between my legs and I gasped as his hot tongue slithered over my overly sensitive clit. Carefully he worked around it till I was throbbing and on the boil. He was lying flat on the grass and I was kneeling over him, trying not to writhe too much.

Eventually he grabbed me, rolled me over and held me down, driving me kicking and yelling into a mindblowing second orgasm — one so intense that my legs could barely support me when I tried to stand up. My thighs were still shaking even after we had dressed and ridden a few miles on our bikes.

We parted at the following rest stop with a sultry, eye-to-eye contract — we're going to do that again, on our next ride. — *Name and address withheld*

Late-night spa

After work last week, I came in tired from a horrid day at the office. I was later than normal and disappointed to find that the gym at my flats had closed an hour earlier. I mixed up a couple of margaritas and turned on the TV, but thoughts of the swirling bubbles in the spa hot tub working



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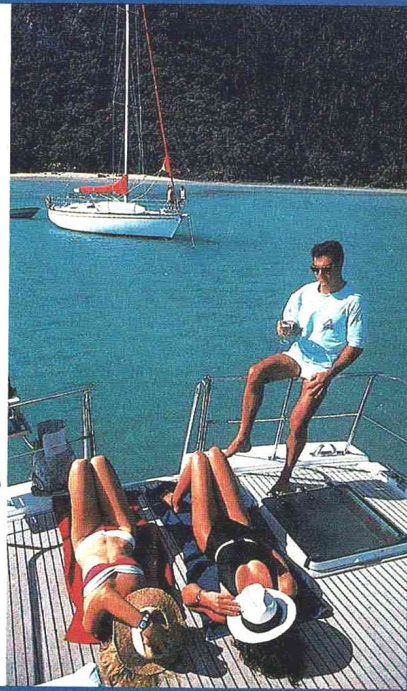
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away the knots in my shoulders quickly drove me downstairs.

When I arrived I was surprised to find an attractive blonde soaking up the suds. Her eyes were closed and she looked very relaxed. I quietly eased into the water and took a seat opposite her. Immediately I felt better and closed my eyes, trying to relax. Some time later I opened them and found my late-night spa partner staring at me. I returned her gaze and smile. In silence, I watched her lips circle the filter of her cigarette each time she took a puff. My cock began to stir with the current as I slipped a little deeper into the water.

I moved my head from side to side, trying to get the pain of the day to go away. Then I heard her husky voice say I probably needed someone to rub my shoulders for me, and before I knew it, she was moving across the tub. She began massaging my neck and shoulders, assuring me that she could make all the tension disappear.

After about five minutes of neck work, she moved to my chest and abdomen. I was in heaven. She worked in unison with the waves of the hot tub, and I felt the bulge in my shorts rise up in gratitude. Just when I thought I couldn't take it any longer, I felt a gentle tug at my drawstring, releasing my shorts. Her hands probed for my penis. I was hotting up fast, and her gentle strokes made me even hotter.

Without saying a word, she motioned for me to move up to the tub's rim. As soon as I did, I felt her lips engulf my rod. I leaned back while she sucked me into glory — she was great. Her tongue licked my shaft

while her hands worked my balls. She played lightly with the purple head, then licked her way to my balls, mouthing my whole sac. I eased her away gently, gasping for breath and control. I slid into the water and lifted her up to take my place.

I burrowed between her legs as she untied her bikini bottom. Her sweet smelling cunt was inches away as she gently spread her lips, opening her love nest for me to consume. Her juices glistened in the dim amber lights. My tongue found its way to her clit and I sucked it like a straw. I watched her stomach muscles twitch with each stroke of my tongue. Her love juices flowed from her snatch into my waiting mouth, hotter than the water around me. She tugged at my hair, pulling me deeper into her crotch, spreading her legs so my entire face was buried in her fountain.

She looked down at me, and then began to slide back into the water. As she did, I positioned my dick between her legs and guided it into her slit. I groaned with pleasure when her cunt clamped down on me. The hot water from the spa swirled against my back as she moved up and down on my tool, sending wave after wave of pleasure through my body. She climaxed again just as I felt my steaming jism spew into her snatch.

We held each other for several minutes before she slipped off my satisfied, limp cock. After drying off, she put her costume back on, blew me a kiss and walked away.

I see her occasionally around the apartments and she always smiles at me, as if to say, "You were great." Sometimes when I come in late from the office, I hope to find her in the tub again. I often find myself

wondering if she'll be there, and someday she will. — *Name and address withheld*

Wedding gift

A month before our wedding I decided to give my husband-to-be a wedding present he'd never forget — two women at the same time. I talked to my best friend Kylie about this, and she agreed to help me out.

On a Saturday night, Kylie dropped in to watch some videos. We sent Daryl to get some wine coolers. As soon as the door closed behind him, we started to get ready. We stripped down to our sexiest negligees, popped in an X-rated flick and covered each other with baby oil. By the time Daryl got back, we were pretty hot.

When he walked in, I looked up from where I was rubbing oil into Kylie's inner thigh and said: "Wanna help?" My baby's eyes almost bulged out of their sockets — and his dick was two steps ahead of them! He quickly stripped and joined us on the floor. As he rubbed oil into Kylie's tits, I decided it was time for my first taste of pussy. Slowly I bent down and began to stroke Kylie's cunt with my tongue. I shoved it as far into her tight, sopping snatch as I could. Then I began sucking her red-hot clit.

After only minutes she began to buck and scream in a wild orgasm. Daryl could take no more. He sank his face into my cunt while Kylie swallowed his cock whole. Soon we were a writhing, moaning circle of pleasure.

This continued into the wee hours of the morning. The three of us tried every position imaginable before we collapsed in exhaustion.

Hmmm. Daryl's birthday is coming up. Maybe I can invite Kylie over again. — *Name and address withheld*

Lady shaver

Last winter we decided to get away for a relaxing weekend at a hotel complete with a pool and jacuzzi. That Saturday we were enjoying the hot tub, some wine and each other when I noticed a young woman dressed in a sexy one-piece — the kind with the legs cut high and the sides cut out. She stepped down into the hot tub, introduced herself as Claire and accepted our offer of wine. She was a businesswoman in for one day and would be leaving early in the morning. My wife Robin liked her a lot and invited her to dinner with us.

After dinner we decided to sit in the bar, but the band was so lousy we headed for the hot tub instead. I made a detour to get some more wine. I was gone nearly an hour and returned to find my wife and Claire chatting happily. The subject was sex, so I decided to eavesdrop. Claire asked my wife if she had ever slept with another woman. To my surprise, she answered yes.

We've been married for five years and I

never knew that my wife was into that sort of thing. I was interested, so I made my presence known. Robin asked me if I'd been with another man and I told her that I hadn't but had thought about it. Then Claire stunned me by asking Robin if she was interested in getting together with her. My wife looked at me and I told her to go for it.

They started to get out of the hot tub and Robin whispered in my ear: "Come on, I know you're keen. Better come too, before I change my mind." I followed eagerly.

While Robin was tuning the radio to a decent station, Claire slid her hands down into my wet swimsuit. She found my puffed up cock. She pulled my swimmers down to my knees and asked me to sit in the chair, reminding me that I would get my turn.

At first they just rubbed each other, smoothing hands over tits and down to pussies. Claire made the first real move, removing Robin's shirt to slide an agile tongue around her nipple. I was hard as stone and ready to get in on the action. I just sat tight and waited for the unveiling of Claire's tits. I didn't have to wait long. Robin peeled Claire's one-piece right down her body, loosening her substantial tits and exposing to me the mysteries of her shaved pussy. I had been watching closely when we were in the hot tub for stray hairs to spring out of her skimpy suit. There had been no stray hairs because there were no hairs at all. Other than in magazines, hers was the first shaved pussy I'd ever seen. I couldn't wait to get my lips on her bald twat.

They had been in a 69 position for some time, and I could tell by my wife's hissing sighs that she was coming. Finally they broke for some more wine. Claire sat across from me with her feet on the edge of my chair. She spread her legs slightly until I could see the wet excitement bubbling out of her slit. I couldn't wait to lick and kiss her naked beaver, but Robin asked me to lie back on the bed and let Claire straddle my face while she went down on my prick.

I had never been in a position like this before and I found it difficult to concentrate. The first thing that I realised was the ease of not having to go through all that pubic hair. Her lips were so soft. I played with them, kissing them the way I would any others. Then I sucked them gently into my mouth. I tried to keep my mind on the hairless beaver in my mouth, but Robin's insistent sucking had my balls rumbling. We must have come at nearly the same moment. I never stopped lapping at her clit until I could taste her juice in my mouth.

We lay back on the bed and my wife propped herself up on one elbow, asking me how I felt. I told her that Claire's furless beaver was a real turn-on and described the sensations of her soft, naked lips beneath my tongue. Claire hopped off the

bed, ran into the bathroom and came back with some scissors, my razor and some shaving cream. She told Robin that she'd been shaving herself for some time and knew how to do a smooth job. She spread a towel beneath my wife and began clipping the longer hair with the scissors. When she had the mound completely trimmed she lathered it and began shaving. Soon Robin's mound was naked and white.

We went at it again, but the women changed places, and I had my wife's smooth, wet pussy staring me in the face. It was like eating out a stranger.

Claire was just leaving when I woke up the next morning. "Hey," I said, "I didn't get to fuck you last night."

"We'll have to take care of that next time," she said, and out of the door she went. Robin came out of the bathroom and slid into bed beside me. She told me that Claire would call us when she came to town again. So my first hairless fuck was my wife and I sure did like it. — *Name and address withheld*

Error in his favor

* My flatmate and I are somewhat similar in build and coloring, and his girlfriend has a habit of coming into the room in the morning to wake him up with loving kisses. One night Steve went out with the guys and didn't come home, so I crashed out in his bed near the TV.

The next morning I heard the door open and some rustling noises, unaware of the spot I had put myself in. I nuzzled sleepily into my pillow, figuring that it was Steve. But suddenly my covers were lifted and I felt a nude female body climb in next to me.

I realised it was Steve's girlfriend — she thought that I was Steve! She kissed the back of my neck and reached around for my now-hard cock. When I turned around, she clutched the sheet to her barely concealed tits.

"Holy shit," she said. "I thought you were Steve."

I knew that she wasn't unattracted to me and I was feeling rather cocky and even hornier, so I was brave.

"Why stop?" I asked. She seemed surprised, but appeared to consider my question.

"I guess you're right," she said.

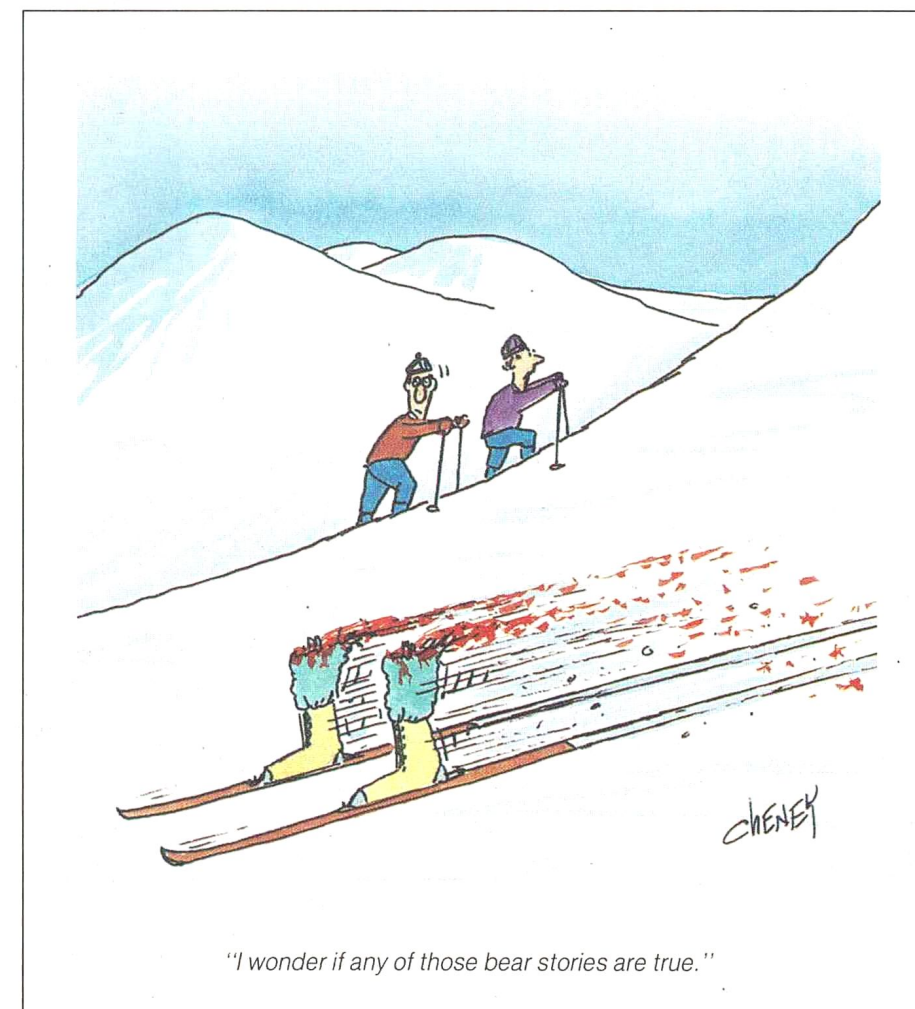
She kissed me, placing the weight of her body on mine, pushing us back into the bed. I couldn't believe how into me she was, licking slowly down my chest and stomach before getting to my stiff erection. She sucked my whole dick into her mouth and relaxed her throat. I came almost immediately — it was fabulous.

She deserved my best and I planned to give it to her. I sucked a tit into my mouth, teasing her nipple with my tongue while my fingers played around in her patch of fuzzy black hair. Then I buried my face in

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her cunt and drank her juices, sliding my tongue around her clit.

She moaned and arched her back, pushing her pussy closer to me. She climaxed, pushing a lot of air out of her cunt with a squishing sound that really excited me. I rose above her to engage in a long kiss, mingling the tastes of our juices.

She reached for my cock and eased it into her slippery snatch. I slid forward, pushing all the way in. She wrapped her legs around my waist and I carried her through to my room to avoid leaving any suspicious stains on Steve's sheets. I fucked her slowly, using all the control I had to make her come.

When we finished she got dressed, telling me that she had a class. She was just putting on her jacket when the door opened and Steve walked in.

"I was just talking to Scott," she said. "Where were you? Oh, never mind, I'll talk to you later, okay?" She rushed past him and out the door.

"What the fuck's wrong with her? She didn't even kiss me," he complained. I just shrugged and smiled. I sure as hell wasn't going to spoil things. — *Name and address withheld*

Not ready for prime time

I am a freelance television director/

producer who, like everyone else in this business, is constantly looking for the property with the right combination of story, characterisation, and most of all, box office bankability that will turn my next cinematic project into the *E.T.* of prime time. Like most (supposedly) creative people, I draw a lot of cinematic ideas from events in my own life.

Which brings me to my current problem. I have recently experienced something — actually someone — that would blow the screens off televisions nationwide (and probably also make me the most sought-after film-maker working), if only I could cool her down enough to get just part of her act past the network censors!

I was just closing up my office after an especially late Friday night, and shutting down the TV I use to watch the newest would-be pilots. Suddenly the power surged briefly and with no explanation. I shrugged off my passing curiosity and was promptly knocked out of my \$800 business suit by an explosion of television static. I whirled at the sudden noise and came face to face with the most startling image I had ever encountered — on screen or off.

There she was, stark naked and dancing. Although the noise from the television was, to me, anything but sensual, this unnervingly pretty woman seemed entranced by the sound. She turned so that her face was barely inches from the screen

and rolled her hips from side to side. Her hands played over the surface of her perfectly tanned flesh in the slowest and most enticing performance I have ever witnessed.

Just as I moved to take an involuntary step toward her, the room was plunged into inky darkness. The TV was silent and only my own ragged breathing could be heard. I wondered for a moment whether my weary imagination had conjured up the woman's strange image just to tease me. I fumbled for the light switch on the wall.

"Wait!" she called from the darkness. "Don't do that."

This whole thing was getting too bizarre, even for my professionally nurtured bad taste.

"Please..." she said cheerfully, "don't stop the audition!"

"Hey, Missy, don't start now..." I started to say, but the words lodged somewhere in my throat.

"Get on the good foot, Bozo!" She was hopping now, and moving closer to me. I still couldn't see her, but I sensed her approaching warmth and couldn't help imagining her features. Her exotic performance moments before tugged at my will and made it hard for me to keep in mind that this was just another attempt to screw her way to stardom. How could I explain all that to her?

"Look..." I began, "if there was any way at all..." and then she touched me. Her fingertips lighted on my face and her breasts brushed against my chest. Still invisible in the darkness, she drew my head to hers and kissed me hungrily.

"Showtime!" she whispered.

I was beginning to think, entirely without humor, that even if I could convince her I wasn't interested, my growing hard-on would certainly show her otherwise. She moved a hand to the bulge in my pants and massaged me through the fabric.

"Put it on the table and peel it."

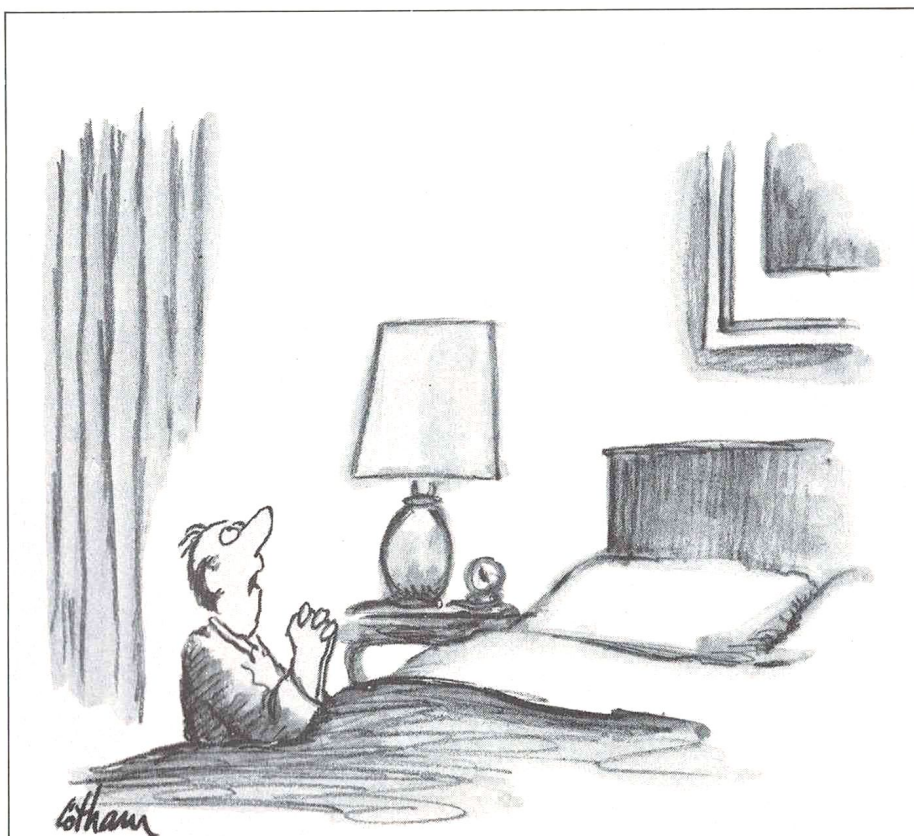
"I can't," I answered thickly.

"I'll do it, then." She smothered her own words in another kiss, this time darting her tongue into my mouth and poking at the sensitive underside of my tongue. All the while her hands were working on my belt buckle and zip.

It flashed through my mind that I was letting this woman take me for a fantasy I probably could not repay. But even though I knew I should feel some alarm, or at least guilt, I felt only desire.

She took my rigid cock in her small hands and massaged it gently. Her touch was featherlight, and I found myself savoring each stroke and matching her rhythm with my own hands as I slowly began to explore her body. I felt her high, firm breasts and smiled at her youthful perfection. A little squeeze of her nipples brought a moan from her and then, standing on her toes, she nibbled my earlobe and pumped my cock a little faster.

Bowing my head, I kissed the soft flesh



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of her breasts, and licked and sucked on her nipples. Biting them gently brought another, deeper moan from her, and as she pressed against me, I reached down with one hand and felt the smooth curve of her arse, but then she grabbed my hand in hers and guided me to her cunt. She was already dripping and almost hot to the touch. She pressed my hand against her slick, wet pussy lips and began a gentle rubbing motion.

"Don't stop now," she panted feverishly, clawing at her pussy with one hand and rubbing her own tits with the other. "You've got me so hot!" She crossed quickly to me and knelt before me. Then, without warning, she lunged forward and took my whole cock in her mouth. Her tongue scrubbed every nerve ending as I began to thrust in and out of her mouth. She let her teeth rake lightly along my penis, multiplying my pleasure.

Finally, when I knew I wouldn't be able to hold back much longer, I pulled away from her and pressed her on to her back on the carpet. Her fingers were already soaked with her love juices and I had to cajole her to pull her hand away from its frantic rubbing. I hovered above her for barely a second before plunging my cock into her tight slit. She moaned loudly at the first thrust and raised her hips to take all of me. Then I

pulled back and thrust again, this time more slowly. She again moved against me, and I could feel her muscles gripping my cock as she approached climax.

Her trembling hands encircled my neck and pulled me toward her. She lifted her head to kiss me and opened her mouth so wide I was sure she would fracture her jaw. Her tongue swirled with mine until she shuddered suddenly, arched her back and writhed ecstatically under me. Half a second later I felt my cock explode within her, and I rammed into her time and time again, until I was completely spent.

Now, this may not seem like a major dilemma to you, and believe me, I really have tried to solve it on my own. I've signed the young lady to a contract a lot of major stars would do more than just go to bed for; I've got a ghost writer doing her sizzling autobiography; and I've set her up for worldwide promotional tour early next year. But all of this is really beside the point.

"Sara" has given me an experience so unbelievable that — well, no-one in TV land will ever believe it! — *Name and address withheld*

Ain't too proud to beg

I call myself Radio Rocker, a big-time jock in an outback town. After having very little luck in both my professional and sexual careers, I decided to start small. What I didn't know was that I was in for the broadcast of my life.

I was doing my usual midnight to 6am shift, as I had been doing for the past six weeks, when a call came in on the request line around 3.15, jarring me from my fantasy of popping it to my favorite female rock star. The caller identified herself only as fan of Radio Rocker. At the sound of her sultry voice panting my name, my limp dick suddenly came to life. She had a request I couldn't refuse. She said, "Oh, big Rocker, I want to come to the studio so you can play with my knobs and insert your antenna into my receiver."

At first I thought it was a joke, but then reconsidered, thinking, *What the fuck. It's 3am and I'm in the middle of fucking nowhere, so what do I have to lose?* I told her to get her hot woofer down here and I'd be happy to adjust her tweeters. With a laugh, I hung up the phone and played "Ain't Too Proud To Beg." A half hour later, there was a knock on the studio door and I immediately rose to the occasion. A blonde bombshell sashayed her way in, her huge breasts begging to be released from her skimpy halter top.

As she walked around the console, undressing me with her eyes and licking her red juicy lips with her hot tongue, my throbbing member began bursting against my jeans. She said, "I'm Erica, and I want to talk into your microphone." I grabbed the longest record I could find, "Stairway To Heaven," and put the needle in the groove of the revolving vinyl. I ripped off her halter top, grabbed her tits, and began wildly sucking her nipples.

I hiked her arse up on to the console and tore off her faded denims. Her glistening pussy stared wildly at me and her moans became screams as she begged me to play with her. Leaning forward and opening my zipper with her teeth, her tongue flicked at my pubic hair. She slid my pants down and took my cock hungrily into her moist mouth. My meter registered overload as I tried to contain my juices. I quickly pulled out and placed my mouth on her love nest, my tongue darting in and out of her wanton hole and sending her way off the charts. "Yes, yes," she screamed, drowning out the sounds of Led Zeppelin.

I couldn't wait any longer and she was moaning, "Fuck me, Rocker. Fuck me!" So I pierced her pussy with my pulsating dick. She began to cream on the console, love juices trickling down her thighs. I realised the song was also reaching its climax, and I had a difficult decision to make — should I come or should I talk? I decided to forgo the format in order to reach my own 50,000 watts of surging power. As we came together in a crashing crescendo, Erica grabbed at the on-air light in her ecstasy, and to my shock, I realised that our lustful adventure was being broadcast to the entire metropolitan area. I glanced over and noticed that my request lines were ringing out of control. Then Erica left as suddenly as she had come. — *Name and address withheld* ☐



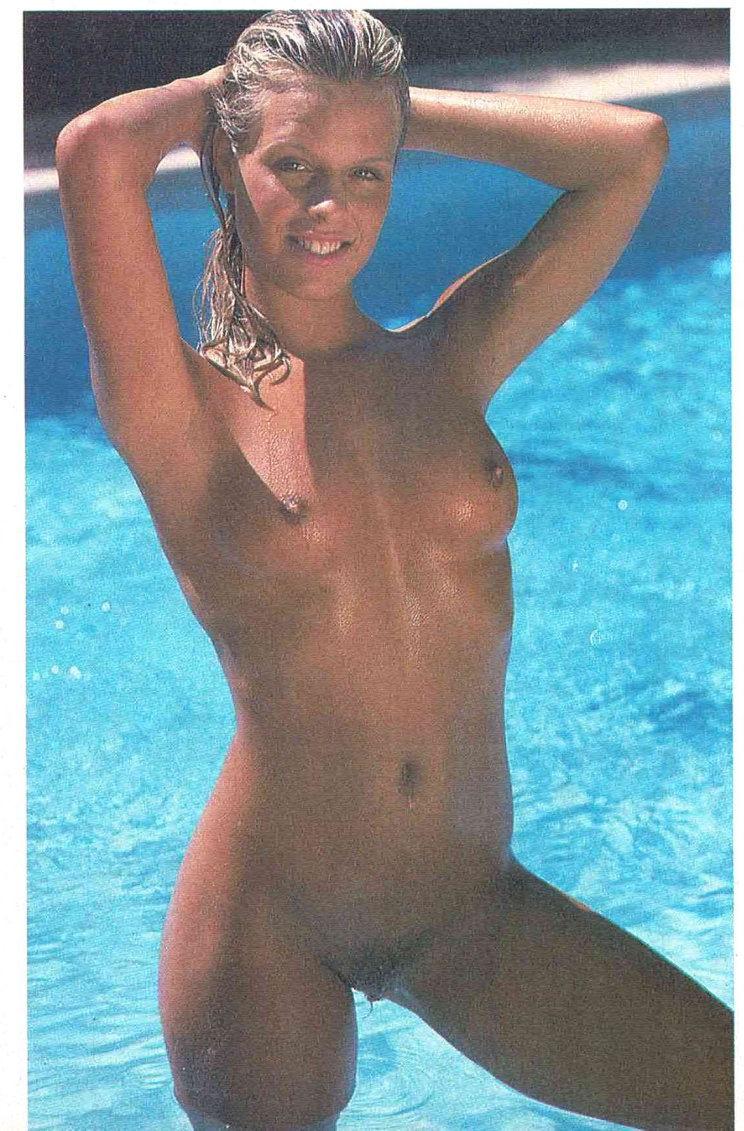
ring of scorpio



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

Usually Danny Simons can be found in the library at uni, studying maths and French. But during the summer break, she likes to let her hair down and relax. "I spend a lot of time reading," she confesses. "Because I have to channel my activities at uni, it's a treat for me to stretch out with a big romantic novel."

Danny, 20, admits to being a great romantic. "I believe in love. I believe in wild, impulsive, all-out passion. Perhaps it's because I'm a Scorpio. Scorpions are always very intense about things, and when it comes to passion, we tend to really ride the tiger."

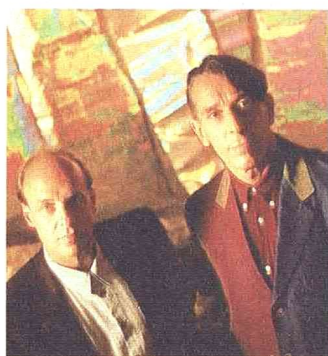




Danny says she goes out with plenty of different men, but no-one really special. "I fall in love about once a week," she says ruefully, "but it wears off just as quickly. I keep thinking, one day, just out of the blue, it's going to happen. Wham, electricity, the works. I'm still waiting, though."



INXS



BELTING IT FROM THE STALLS

Probably a bigger responsibility to carry than expected brilliance is reliability. **INXS**, with their carefully chosen moods, have, over the years, come to promise the latter. *X* (WEA) marks the spot they've arrived at after ten years in the public eye. The fact that they've survived that long is testament to the band's tenacity and a sense that everyone knows their place.

Dominated by the music of Andrew Farriss (with its evocative textural turns) and the lyrics and chic swagger of Michael Hutchence, INXS is nevertheless a team. The "no room for heroes" aura lends itself to a homogenous hedge of sound. On record, M.H. allows himself vulnerable moments (like the light, high flights of melody in "Disappear" that would do Peter Dinklage proud) as well as the club-spunk bravado of "Suicide Blonde."

For all the band's large-arena success, the songs have little of the big-boom pop. Not enough to be terminally hip, they may also have to rely on guests like blues harp maestro Charlie Musselwhite for any obvious edge. Still, their humanity (not overtly political) shines through. They make the familiar sound interesting and don't deliver great anthems from on high, but belt it out from the stalls.

Starting from the premise that "look for the ridiculous in everything and you will find it", Robert

Smith is still offering the Cure, but all *Mixed Up* (WEA). Rebottling his holy water as snake oil, he's re-recorded and remixed tracks from their generally glowing history. More recent quirky tracks like "Close To Me" don't take too much of a quantum leap. Tunes from their days as serious young insects ("The Walk") have been injected with bouncy sugar-coated hormones and wrenched from the sweaty grasp of nostalgic inner city black brigade nihilists.

Brian Eno was making quintessential ambient music a decade before New Age marketing flooded the record bins with glib aural mush. Eno's playing and production credits stretch from Roxy Music to U2 and Talking Heads.

After more than a decade of vacuuming the house and singing along to gospel records, he and another resolute individual — John Cale — have released an album of "pop" songs. *Wrong Way Up* (WEA) is a gentle soundscape which ranges from a goodtime pump in the tradition of the Beach Boys' "Sloop John B" ("Empty Frame"), a potential country classic ("The River") and jangly funk ("Spinning Away"). Eno is in good voice (he surprised himself) and Cale adds his own aloof elegance. On his "Cordoba" he doesn't so much aping as intone a script to a potential film noir classic ("You walk towards the station, I walk towards the bus").

"The first sound is rhythm" claims Paul Simon. This attitude is more than obvious as he sings to *The Rhythm Of The Saints* (WEA). Songwriters often use the groove of other songs as a launching pad for their own ideas. Paul Simon is no exception. En-

thus by the South African sounds that he used on his *Graceland* record, he subsequently spent a couple of years on a personal percussive odyssey tracking great drumming from West Africa to Brazil and Cuba. Brazil became his main inspiration — he recorded and edited numerous drums ensembles and then constructed non-idiomatic, light conversational melodies over the top. His songs don't leap out as chart-busting singalongs but his source material ripples with an irrepressible force.

The songs on Icehouse's *Code Blue* (Regular) describe the effect of Iva Davies' sources of



inspiration, but unless the listener diligently perused the cover art they'd be largely ignorant of the relevant historical or sociological import of the tunes. An obvious example is "Big Fun." Supposedly a cynical appraisal of the Australian penchant for self-annihilation come party time, the nursery-rhyme lyrics and chant chorus will probably not generate much self-analysis. Iva writes good, essentially third-person pop songs. The majority here are still collaborations with guitarist colleague Bob Kretschmer, but Iva did all the guitar parts on the album. The resulting sound is much crunchier than previous excursions, with keyboards pushed to the background and the rhythm section given more scope to punch out.

A more directly connected, committed and brooding set comes from the Neville Brothers on *Brother's Keeper* (Polydor). Looking like mean street toughs, playing and sounding like angels, this group of New Orleans' finest serves up more of their special gumbo. — Jeremy Cook



Clockwise from above: High flights of melody and club spunk bravado from INXS; gentle soundscapes from old-timers Brian Eno and John Cale; Paul Simon tracks percussion across the world on *Rhythm Of The Saints*; and third-person pop songs from Icehouse.



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DEATHSTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS

In 1979 the enormously wealthy Rhode Island socialite Sunny von Bulow lapsed into a coma, from which she subsequently recovered. A year later, it happened again — but this time the coma was irreversible. In a highly publicised trial, her husband, the enigmatic European aristocrat Claus von Bulow, was convicted on two counts of attempted murder for injecting his wife with insulin. Von Bulow maintained he was innocent, and turned to the controversial Harvard law professor, Alan Dershowitz, for help.

Reversal Of Fortune works on many levels: on the most superficial, it investigates the facts of the case and leads up to von Bulow's appeal. But there's much more to it than that. It looks into the peculiarly empty lives of the very rich: at the end of her tether with drugs and boredom, the only thing Sunny von Bulow can come up with is to "redecorate this whole fucking house." It looks at the tenets of law and justice (even the aristocracy has the right to a fair trial when the chips are down). And most enjoyable of all, it contrasts Dershowitz and von Bulow, two men from utterly different worlds. Glenn Close as Sunny, Jeremy Irons as Von Bulow and Ron Silver as Dershowitz all give intense and



thoroughly absorbing performances.

The film is based on the book written by Dershowitz about the case. With cinematic heavyweights Edward R. Pressman and Oliver Stone producing, and the internationally acclaimed Barbet Schroeder directing, the result is powerful, subtle and thoroughly entertaining. **** — *Trish Murphy*

Jacob's Ladder is a bold attempt to explore the shaky line between genuine menace and the hidden terrors of the mind. Director Adrian Lyne, who gave us *Fatal Attraction* and *9½ Weeks*, uses some interesting cinematic techniques and effects to ensure that there is never any certainty about the reality of what the seriously disturbed Vietnam Vet Jacob (Tim Robbins) perceives.

Pity that such a beautifully filmed package founders at times on dialogue almost as horrendous as the protagonist's hallucinations. Robbins, and Elizabeth Pena as his passionate lover,

can't be held responsible for some interchanges that produce a frustrating urge to hit the Fast Forward button.

On balance, *Jacob's Ladder* isn't really worth the climb.** — *Peter McDonald*

Based on the Jim Thompson novel, **The Grifters** is about the games con artists play — a mother, a son, and a chick — and what it looks like when they lose. Though the direction, by Stephen Frears (*Dangerous Liaisons*), has the patient lure of smoke, Annette Benning — as the skirt — has no burn, undercutting the story's dirty steam and rich acting by Anjelica Huston and John Cusack. **½ — *Marcia Pally*

In **Come See The Paradise**, renowned director Alan Parker (*Mississippi Burning*, *Birdy*, *Midnight Express*) presents a sprawling tale of American/Japanese relations in the US leading up to and during WWII. Parker, who takes full script writing credit, uses a surprisingly clumsy flashback technique whereby a full-blood Japanese woman explains to her daughter the story of her love for a hot-blooded Irish American union activist, their marriage and subsequent eight-year separation during the forced internment of Japanese Americans (Nisei) during the war.

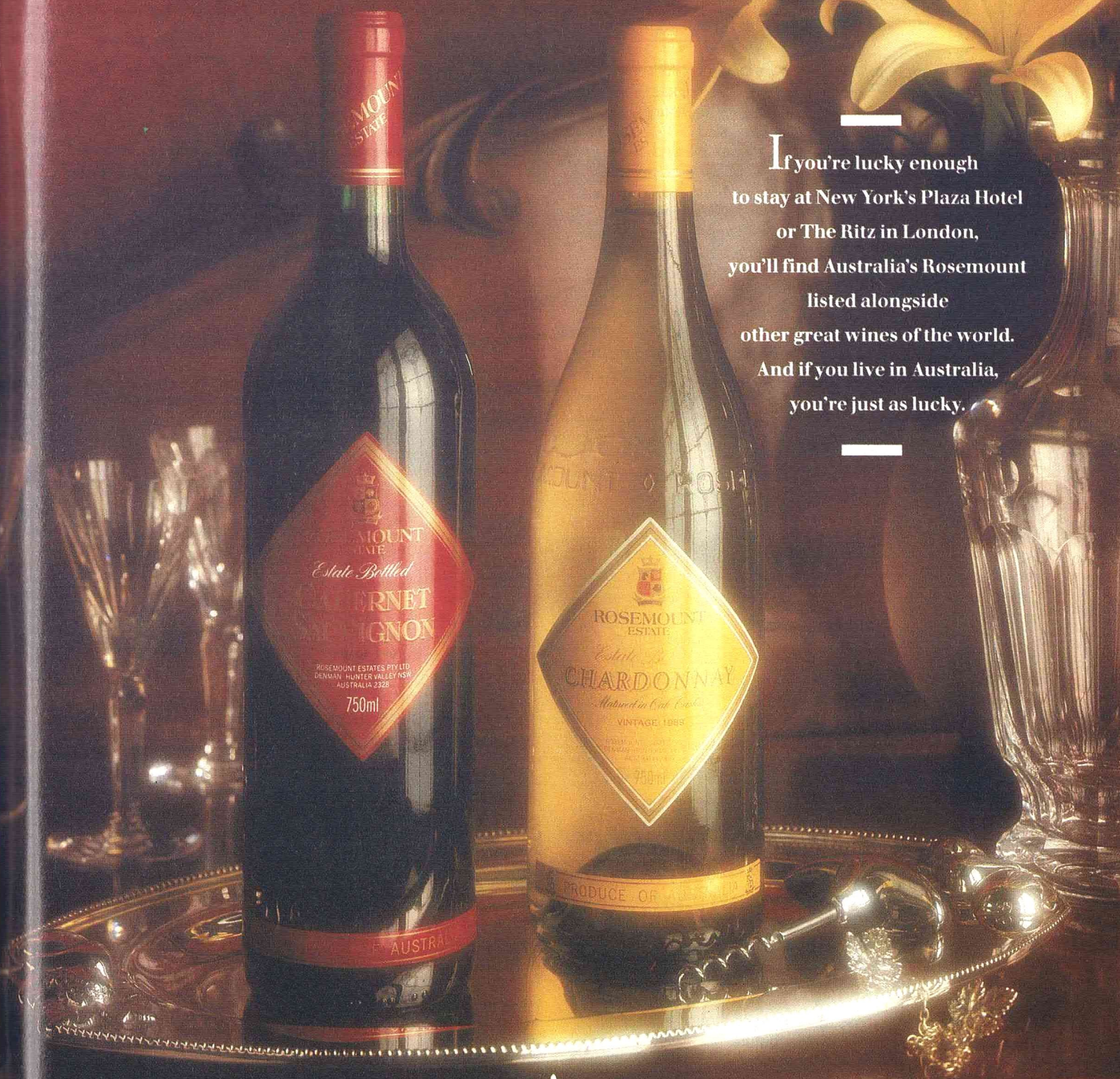
The film's study of the West Coast Japanese community, centring on one family, is sensitive and the ordeal of the internment camps is poignant and historically worthy, considering this little blot on America's reputation as the promised Land Of The Free for all races has never been exposed on the big screen. But all up, with the side issue of the union battles of the Thirties, we're asked to bite off more than we can chew. The film is over two hours long and it's not helped by much sugary sentiment and dialogue that occasionally verges on the trite moralistic level of an episode of the *Phantom Agents*. The film stars Dennis Quaid, Tamlyn Tomita and a fine ensemble of Japanese American actors. With more sprawl than balls, this is not a good example of Parker's work.** — *C.J. Mackay* ○



Anticlockwise from above: Elizabeth Pena and Tim Robbins in *Jacob's Ladder*; Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close in *Reversal Of Fortune*; Tamlyn Tomita in more Alan Parker's *Come See The Paradise*.

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THE BIG NIPPLE

If New York is the Big Apple," the film-maker Louis Malle speculated at the Academy Awards ceremony a few years back, "then Los Angeles is the Big Nipple."

More people have been sucking up to LA's generous teat than ever before. It has the flavor of a city on the rise, proud of itself, coming into its own. For years, Los Angeles has suffered something of a communal inferiority complex, burned by its comparison to New York City. Now, as the Pacific basin from Sydney to Tokyo to LA becomes a vibrant economic sphere all of its own, New York seems to be fading into a morass of crime and chaos. Los Angeles is the place to be.

It's an excellent place to visit, especially for the Travelling Hedonist. Perhaps more than any other place on Earth, Los Angeles worships the sensual moment, the quick fix, the superficial pleasures. This easy hedonism is the city's strong point, but it has also made it the butt of countless jokes.

"When it's 105 degrees in New York, it's 78 in LA," said playwright Neil Simon. "When it's 20 below in New York, it's 78 in LA. Of course, there are eight million interesting people in New York, and only 78 in LA."

I was once at the Hollywood mansion of a very powerful businessman. It was a scene straight out of movie fantasies of what the LA high-life is like. A pool, of course. A handful of gorgeous women, stunning women, the type of women of which it is said that you'd crawl across broken glass to drink their bathwater. They

were in string bikinis or topless, their breasts like twin invitations in the hot Los Angeles sun.

Talk was languid. I was speechless, since my libido was wrapped around my vocal cords. My host was bored. The conversation turned to movies. I mentioned *Amadeus*. "What's that about?" asked a sweet young Los Angeles thing, her upturned nipples pointing towards paradise.

"Mozart," I drooled.

"What's that?" she asked, and I dropped. *What's that?* — not even "who's that?" She was young, she was delectable, but her mind exuded the spiritual equivalent of bad breath.

But such is the serene superficiality of LA. It's very easy to get sucked into it, and you really don't want to live there, because you'll find yourself seriously discussing the social implications of Cher's wardrobe. Get in, sample as many of the delectable delights as you can, then get out before you find

"Los Angeles worships the sensual moment, the quick fix, the superficial pleasures. It's an easy hedonism."

yourself turning into a pod creature.

First, you need a base of operations. The hotels in LA are some of my favorite in the world. Right off the bat, you have a choice of ultra-deluxe — The Westwood Marquis, across from the UCLA campus — or chic and funky — the Chateau Marmont, just off

Sunset at the east end of the strip. For something more exotic, try Little Tokyo's Otani, a new favorite with sojourning rock stars and the like, who enjoy its rooftop Zen garden.

Sybarites also love the Bel-Air Hotel, with acres of gardens and a secluded feel to



it, even though it's minutes from the strip. A little less pricey, and with ghosts of Hollywood luminaries walking the halls (Bojangles Robinson is said to have taught Shirley Temple her famous stairway tap-dance up and down the lobby staircase), is the Roosevelt, on Hollywood Boulevard.

Pictures made LA, pictures and sunlight, and the visitor is almost obliged to make a pilgrimage to at least one of the film studios. Universal Studio Tours is a huge extravaganza on the order of theme park. For a more nuts-and-bolts approach to moviemaking, try the VIP Tour at Burbank Studios (limited to a dozen per group), or the services called On Location, which — for a fee — will tell you where the current films are being shot in LA.

For sunlight, move out from under the smog to the beaches, especially the weekend circus on the ocean at Venice, next door to chi-chi Santa Monica and down the coast from Malibu. The scene on the beach and on Ocean

Front Walk is still shriekingly perverse, with a collection of freaks, body builders, skateboarders and flash artists trying to outdo the crowd favorites: hard-bodied, bikini-clad Californian girls on skates. Sure, it's something of a tourist attraction, but it can still drop

your jaw with its sheer energy and weirdness.

The LA restaurant scene has exploded over the past decade, but the city's premier restaurant will always be the famous Spago, a Mecca for the stars and star-struck, for the dieter as much as the gourmand. It's difficult to cram yourself in here most nights, and you may want to make your reservations long-distance, at the same time that you buy your air tickets. If you want the same fine Wolfgang Puck dining experience, but can't handle the hectic pace of Spago, try his new place, Eureka.

"You can take all the sincerity in LA," says the comedian Henny Youngman, "and fit it into the navel of a flea. Plus you still have room for six pomegranate seeds and the heart of an agent." That's a criticism that goes to the very heart of the place — if indeed there is a heart. But the visitor, the Travelling Hedonist with no strings attached, can just look at all the marvellous, beautiful, insincere LA creatures and laugh. ☺



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LOOSE ENDS

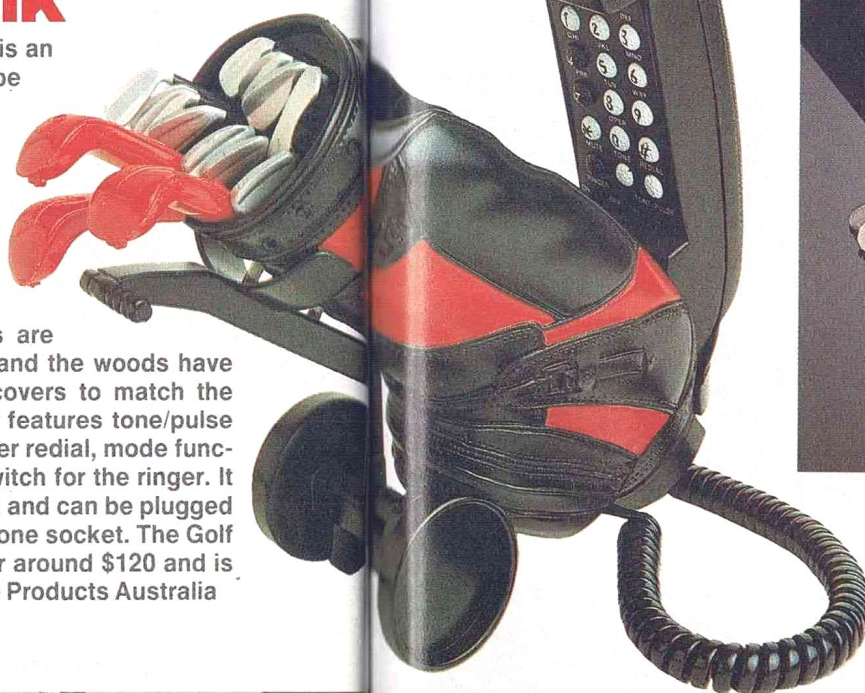
OLD GOLD

Scottish records dating from 1627 tell of Robert Haig, a farmer from Stirling in the Highlands, making whisky for those who lived on his estate of Glenkinchie. His craft of fine whisky distilling was passed down through the generations of the family until the famous distillery was founded in 1824 at Cameronbridge in the Kingdom of Fife. By 1901, the makers believed that a blend of such exceptional quality had been produced that they decided to distinguish it in a unique bottle. Thus was created The Dimple. Over the years the famous blend has been enriched and enhanced with rare Highland single malt whiskies and The Dimple has come to be regarded as the classic deluxe 15-year-old Scotch. So much for the history lesson, the proof is in the tasting. The Dimple is available at good liquor outlets Australia-wide.



golf talk

The Golf Bag Phone is an ideal gift for would-be Greg Normans. It is a miniature leather version of a golf bag down to the last detail, even the numbers of the handset are shaped like small golfballs. The sticks are individually marked and the woods have color co-ordinated covers to match the trim on the phone. It features tone/pulse switching, last number redial, mode function and an on/off switch for the ringer. It is Telecom approved and can be plugged into any standard phone socket. The Golf Bag Phone retails for around \$120 and is available from Phone Products Australia on (02) 327 4856.



GET WET

The newest range from Swatch truly plumbs the depths. Scuba 200 Swatches are fully functional diver-style watches that are water-resistant to 200 metres and feature Swiss quartz technology and counterclockwise turning bezels. In line with the color revolution that has overtaken the surf and dive set, Scuba 200s are available in four neon-colored styles. At jewellery and department stores now for a recommended \$70.



CANNED HEAT

For mountaineers, sailors, bush-bashers and other heavy-weather types, the AWL 10 all-weather lighter is rugged enough to take the same beating you do, and still produce a perfect flame at the end of the day. It's shock-resistant, fully waterproof with a locking cap and rubber casing, and produces a blue blow-torch flame that will light up your dart in 40 knots without a murmur. It will do the same for campfires and billies (if you don't smoke). It costs \$42 and is available from Made In Japan, (02) 9082505.

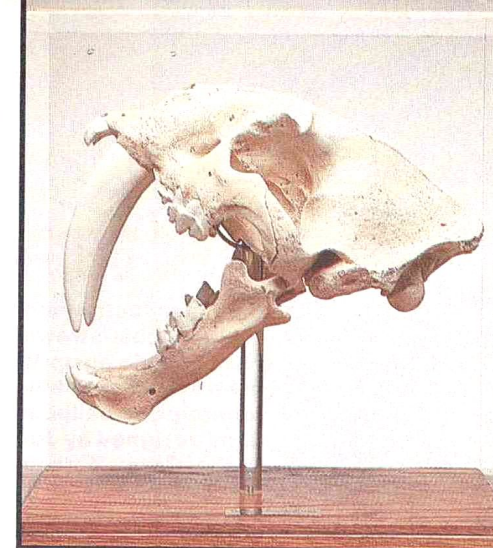


SHARP DRESSING

Super-soft silk boxer shorts and snappy braces are the latest offerings from Tie Rack for the sartorially-minded male. The new shorts come in a traditional duck print, paisley or clock design with elasticised waist and button-down fly and cost \$39.99 a pair. The braces are either clip-on (\$24.99) or button-on with leather trim (\$32.99). From Tie Rack stores around Australia.

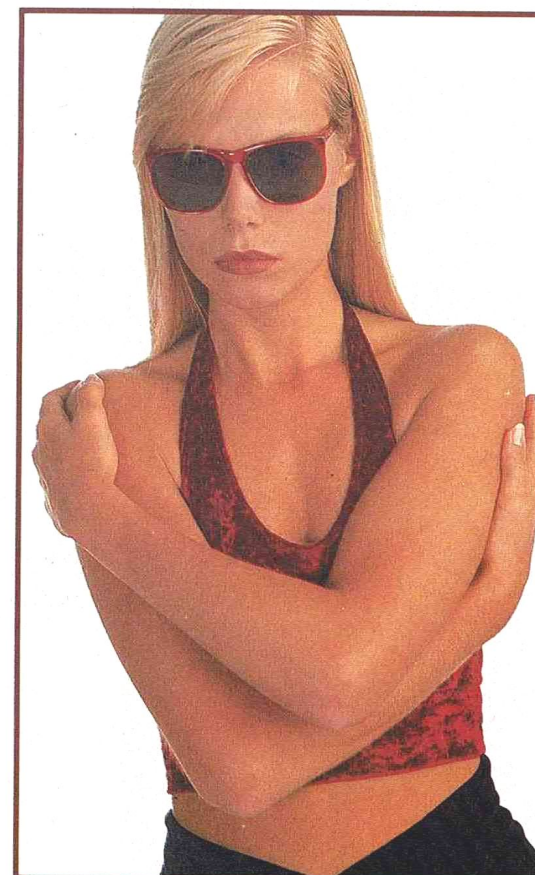
DEM BONES

And now for something completely different... Skullduggery, perhaps Sydney's most off-the-wall new store, manufactures and retails a bizarre range of replica fossils. Pictured here is their sabre-toothed tiger skull housed in a museum display case, which sells for \$800. For something a little less pricey, why not select a dinosaur tooth (\$150), or an ancient Peruvian human skull for around \$400? All replicas are cast from original museum specimens and each piece is hand-detailed to create the most authentic finish possible. The look and feel of real bone has been created and all pieces come with a display stand and identifying brass plaque. Skullduggery is located at 49-51 York St, Sydney, phone (02) 262 5012.



This is the kind of product of which it can truly be said that every home should have one. The Hide-Away Safe is a complete personal, portable security system that can be installed in your home, office or car. Manufactured in Lexan Polycarbonate, a patented lightweight plastic material that is as tough as metal, the Hide-Away features a twin-disc, double-sided lock with a ten-pin keying mechanism that allows thousands of different tumbler combinations. It's also fire-proof, impact resistant, tamper-proof and, when properly installed on mounting tracks, it has no points for prising leverage. Approved by the Victorian Crime Prevention Office, this safe provides real peace of mind when you consider that 32 burglaries are committed in Australia every hour. The Hide-Away sells for a very reasonable \$79 through Granite Arms Sales Pty Ltd, 340-342 High St, Kangaroo Flat, Bendigo, 3555. Phone: (054) 47 7142. Freight costs will not be charged to buyers who mention *Australian Penthouse*.

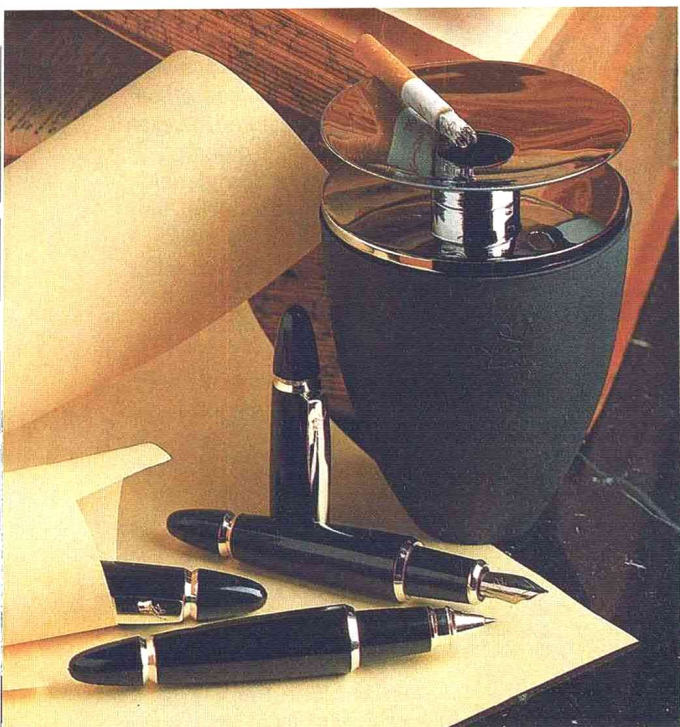
SAFE AS HOUSES



F R A M E D

Vuarnet, working on the theory that people who wear glasses want to look great as well as see clearly, have put a lot of effort into their range of glasses and frames. The technology (scratch-resistance, distortion-free vision, UV protection) has been applied to Vuarnet's Sixties-look range of sunglasses, too. Fresh from Paris are styles such as Brigitte Bardot for the girls and Blues Bros for the boys. They cost between \$109 and \$205 and can be found at OPSM, Sunglass World and David Jones stores.

LOOSE ENDS

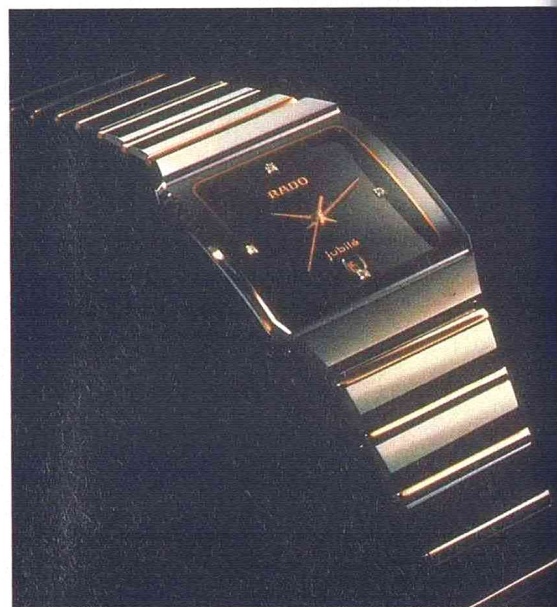


DESK DECOR

Useful accoutrements for the rubble-strewn desk include an upright ashtray and matching fountain and ballpoint pens designed by Jean Michel Cornu Malcourant for Specimen. The ashtray is tall enough not to get lost under your paperwork, and the pens are distinctive enough to be easily recognised (and retrieved) when they have mysteriously transferred themselves to other people's desks. The ashtray costs \$59.95, the ballpoint \$35.95 and the fountain pen \$45.95, all from Made In Japan, (02) 908-2505.

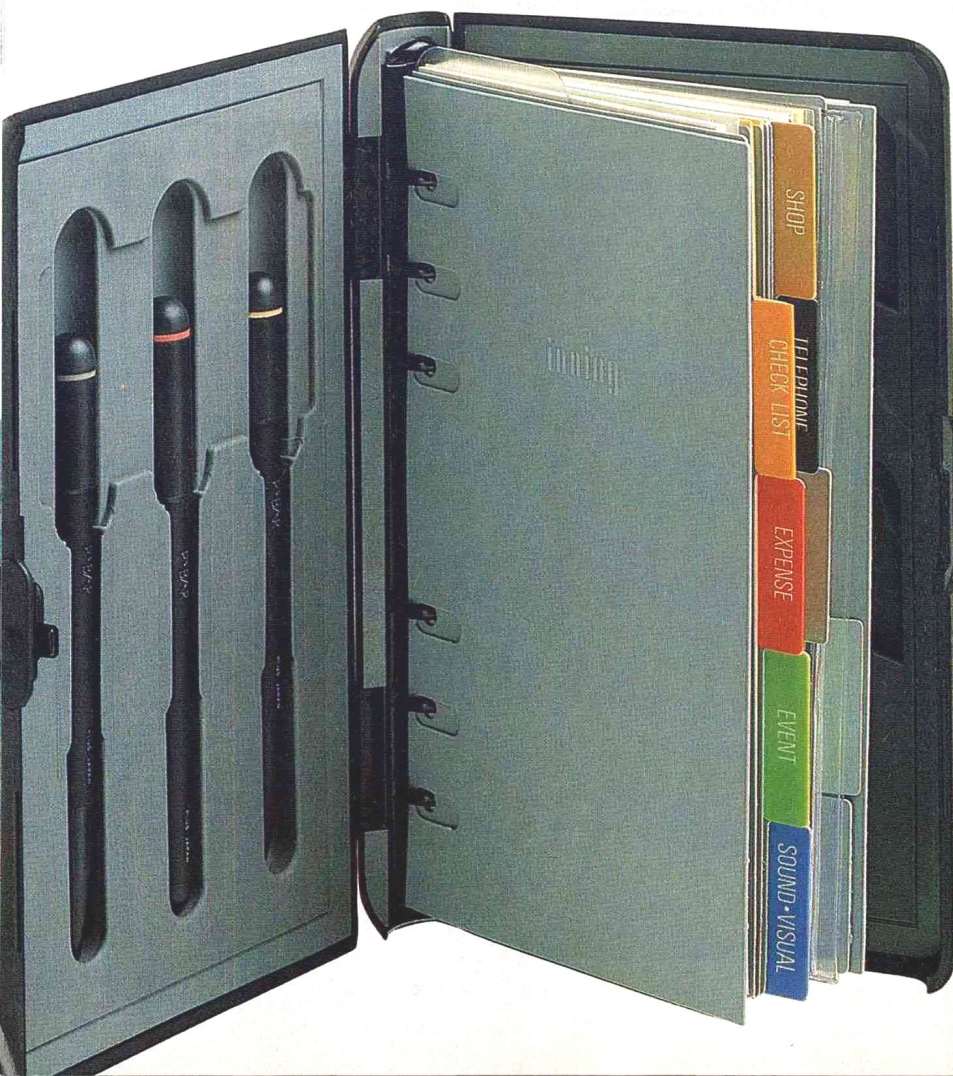
CLASSIC TIME

The celebrated Swiss Rado watches are now available in Australia. Peerless watchmaking technology combines with elegant and understated design in the first range to go on sale here. Scratch-resistant and water-resistant to 30 metres, they come with a leather strap or metal bracelet in gold and two-tone. They cost between \$450 and \$550 on leather and \$595 and \$895 on gold-plated bracelets. The Rado range is available from selected jewellers throughout Australia. For specific distributors, contact SMH Australia on (03) 51-5301.



LITTLE BLACK BOOK

The personal organiser (or whatever they are called) has become popular among people who like to compartmentalise things. One such item is the Inning, which offers lots of compartments (schedule, events, shopping lists, telephone index and even your own personal supply of little yellow sticky memo notes) all neatly snapped into a hard black plastic case. It holds a couple of pens and a pencil, too. It's a smart item and will make the opposition think you're highly organised, even if you aren't. You can have one for \$99 from Made In Japan, (02) 908-2505.



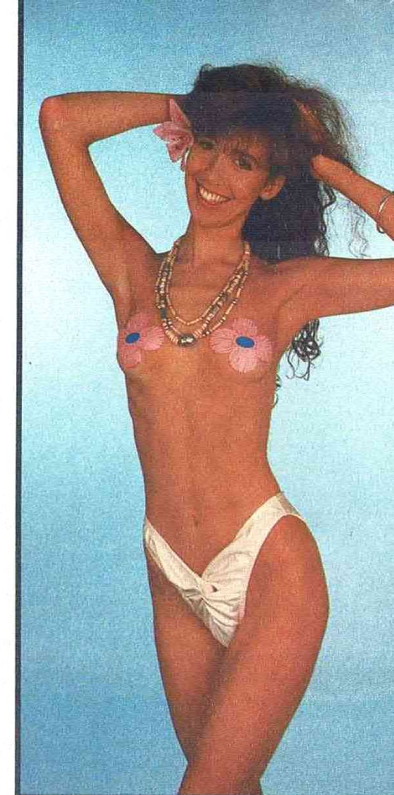
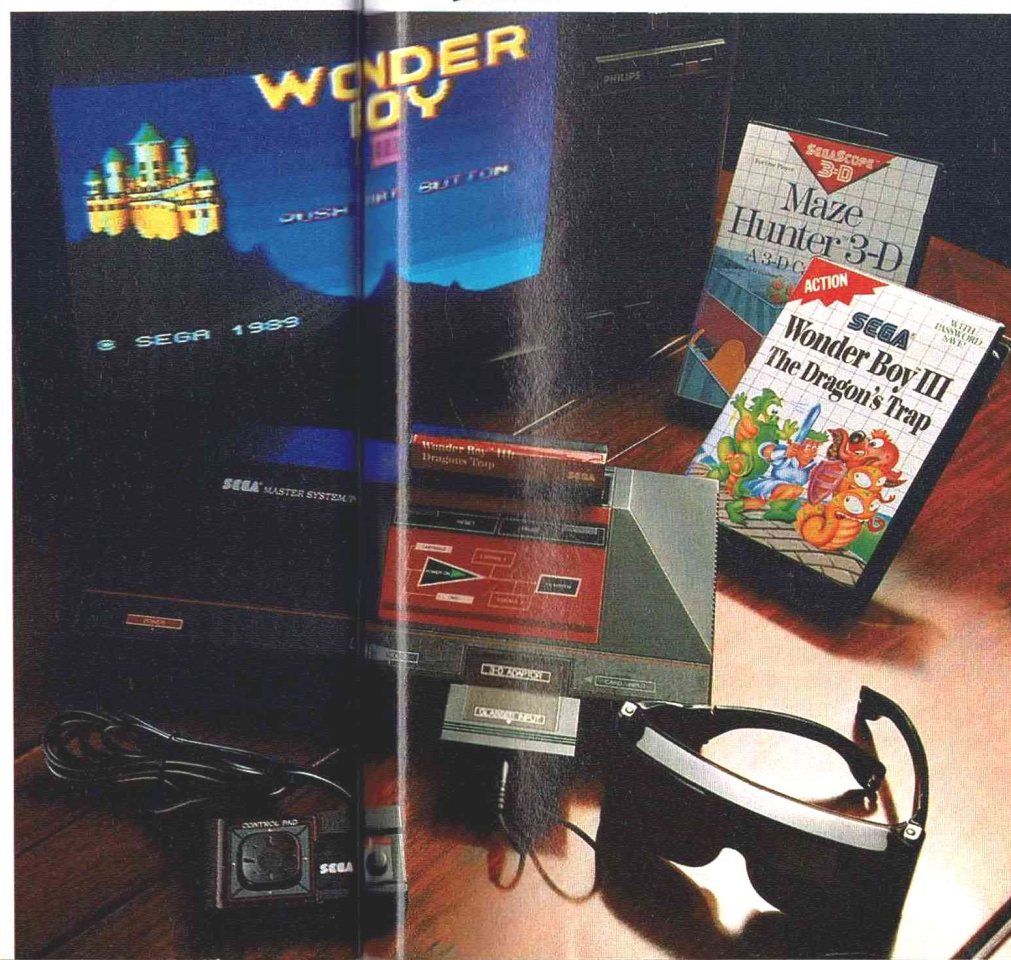
PHONE FUN

Finished in silk and a guaranteed talking point, these stylish novelty phone books are from the British company Loncraine Broxton, an international leader in quality and innovative giftware. They're available in selected gift departments and boutiques across Australia. Phone Intergames on (02) 660 2800 for stockists.



There's computer games and then there's video games. With video games all you need is a television set, a games console and an array of games cartridges that will set you back about the price of a couple of movie tickets. The console simply plugs into the aerial socket on your TV to offer an alternative to the non-ratings period, and one where you're in control of the action. It's little wonder that these consoles have been the number one selling toys in the world for the past couple of years. The leader of the pack in Australia is Sega, who market a range of advanced yet reasonably priced consoles and games, including the \$150 Master System pictured here with Sega 3-D glasses. You'll find Sega Systems at Toyworld, K-Mart, Target and Big W stores, and for rent at 1000 video outlets throughout Australia.

VIDEO ACTION



These little adhesive arrangements will guarantee the woman in your life a perfect strapless tan. If she's game enough to stick 'em on, that is. Called Stikinis, they're apparently all the rage on more adventurous European and American beaches and are favored little cover-ups under sheer blouses or mesh t-shirts. They're thankfully waterproof and non-toxic; they mould to fit snugly and they uplift the bust; and they're available in a variety of designs including flowers, shell shapes and butterflies. Mail order Stikinis sell for \$10 for a packet of three pairs through Fiduci Pty Ltd, 5/13 Pickford Avenue, Eastwood NSW 2122.

STUCK ON YOU

best of the west

The newest releases from West Australia's celebrated Sandalford Wines are to be found in better wine stockists now. From the range of six, we've pictured the 1987 Margaret River Cabernet Sauvignon, described by the winemaker as "distinctive of the Margaret River regional style, emphasised by a clean fruit character, vivid depth of color, full flavor and a soft, refined tannin finish." The wine can be enjoyed young, or cellared for further maturity. Also shown is the 1990 Margaret River Verdelho, "a pale, straw-colored wine... with a pungent note and some tones of citrus and tropical fruit." Like the Cabernet Sauvignon, the fruity Verdelho can be guzzled now, or stored to develop further in the bottle.



PRIME TIME

Continued from page 38

around the prison TV to watch Walsh triumphantly announce their capture.

Nobody denies the program's success. Of 247 criminals profiled up to June of 1990, *AMW* claims 111 have been apprehended, though they admit that some were discovered already in jail on other charges. By Australian standards, the figure is impressive — but since, at last count, the number of people in the US on serious misdemeanor and felony arrest warrants stood at 325,000, *AMW* has a long way to go.

John Walsh defends *AMW*, denying charges that its crime reconstructions are gaudy and vulgar, the orientation blatantly showbiz and the level of violence repugnant. The National Coalition on Television Violence rated *AMW* the most violent show on US prime time TV, with 26.5 violent acts per 30-minute broadcast. Walsh is unrepentant. "This is a serious show," he says. "It's not *The Cosby Show*. It's a prime time public service."

One citizen at least must have his doubts. In November of 1989, Los Angeles police followed up a tip from two waitresses that Chicago murderer Richard Church was eating in a San Fernando Valley restaurant. A heavily armed SWAT team swooped and arrested the man, who, after five hours in detention, turned out to be not Church at all, but LA actor Daniel Kaufman.

Kaufman ate often at the restaurant. The staff, he claims, knew him well. "The danger here," he says, "is that two little girls had the power to manipulate an entire SWAT team. I was fortunate." More fortunate than David Polson, a murder suspect who fled his Culver City home after being featured on *AMW*, and was shot dead by FBI men shortly afterwards. How long before some trigger-happy cop, anxious for prime time notoriety, doesn't wait to check?

And what next for prime time crime? Los Angeles journalist Howard Rosenberg has had a hint of what may be in store. A professional psychologist rang him with a hot idea for a new TV series — *Suicide Squad*.

"Here's the way it works," he told Rosenberg. "I set up a hot line for people who are on the brink of suicide. They call in, then I rush out to them with a camera crew. They tell me their stories in front of the camera, live. They're depressed. They're distraught. They want to end it all. I care deeply. I try to talk them out of it. It's very dramatic."

"What if you aren't successful?" Rosenberg asked. "What if someone should shoot himself or jump from a window right in front of the camera?"

The shrink didn't flinch. "That," he shrugged, "is reality." ○—■



Pet Of The Month, Sue-Ellen Underwood

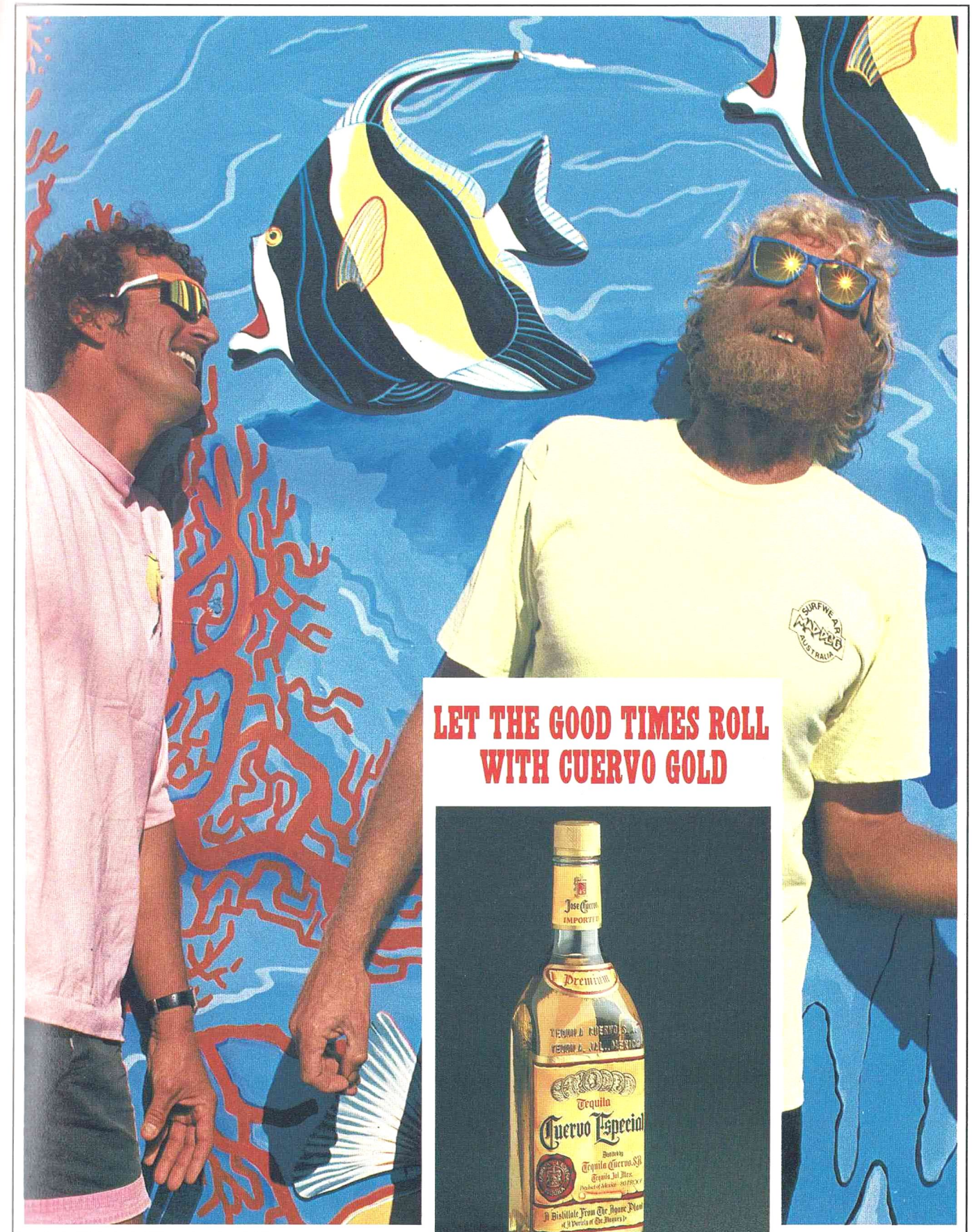
INSIDE APRIL AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Hit Squads — Gay-bashing is a growing menace in Australian urban centres, and the people doing it are little more than kids. In some cases, packs of teenage thugs are literally getting away with murder, while the community turns a blind eye. Paul Wilson investigates this disturbing trend in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

King Kong Is Back — And he's itching to meet Mike Tyson. Although the return to boxing of the world's meanest and baddest man was at first treated as a joke, mighty George Foreman has proved that a real puncher never loses his power. Grantlee Kieza looks at Foreman, and a few other old fist soldiers, next month.

Forum Competition — Which of our readers has written the raunchiest Forum Letter of them all? The winning letter, and the runners-up, will be scorching the pages they're printed on in next month's issue. (State edition not included.)

Gold, Gold, Gold — Sue-Ellen Underwood, our April Pet of the Month, embodies all the free-wheeling spirit of Queensland's Gold Coast. Let Sue-Ellen take you on a special sunshine tour in next month's centrefold.

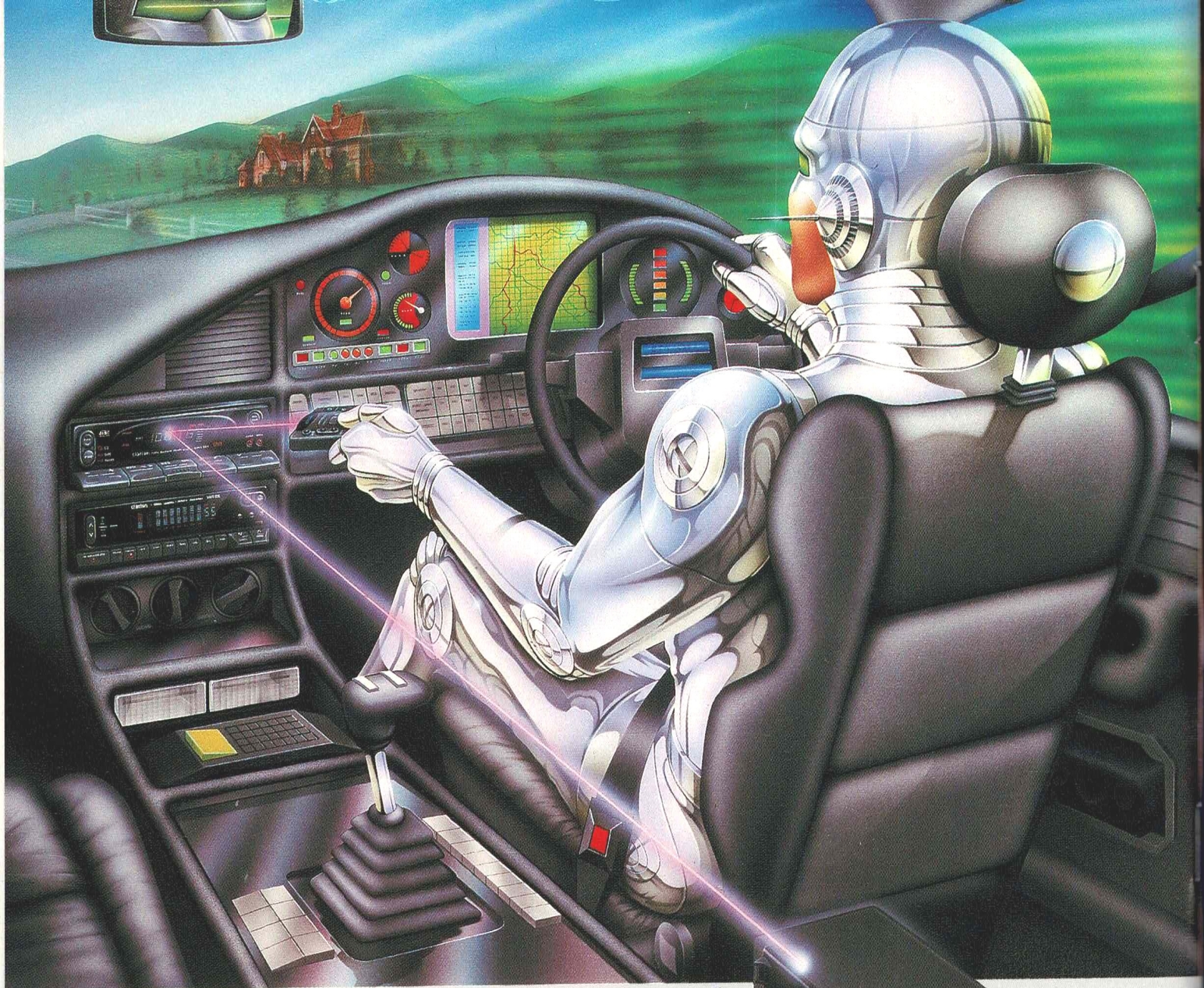


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